

INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE.

BRIGHT GEMS

FROM FIFTY AUTHORS.

BY
PHILIP PHILLIPS
AND HIS SON.

FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
GOSPEL MEETINGS,
MISSIONARY AND YOUNG
PEOPLES SOCIETIES,
PRAYER MEETINGS,
ETC., ETC.

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INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE,

WITH



BRIGHT GEMS

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PHILIP PHILLIPS

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FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, GOSPEL MEETINGS,
MISSIONARY AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S
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ETC.

MAST, CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK.

NEW YORK CITY,
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Ohio.

PREFACE.

INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE embraces about half new and half old selected gems. It contains General Hymns for Young People's Societies, Sunday-schools, Prayer, Gospel and all religious meetings. They are acknowledged to be the choicest ones in the English language, and are such as grow better by use. It includes National Anthems and Special Hymns for such occasions as Harvest Festivals, followed by *Familiar Hymns and Tunes*.

The compilers have studied the wants of every phase of religious life, and think they satisfy all, embracing Heart Songs, Life Songs, Work Songs—in fact, songs appropriate for any and all occasions in Christian worship. It is now offered to the public, with an earnest prayer that it may prove a blessing, and go

“Over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart may be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.”

INTERNATIONAL SONG SERVICE.

No. 1.

CORONATION SONG.

"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

- 2 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,—
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race
Ye ransomed of the fall,

- Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. Edward Farnet.

No. 2.

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH.

Goulaume Franck. 1545.

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice:
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, Without our aid He did us make:
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to:
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure:

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him, and re-joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure.

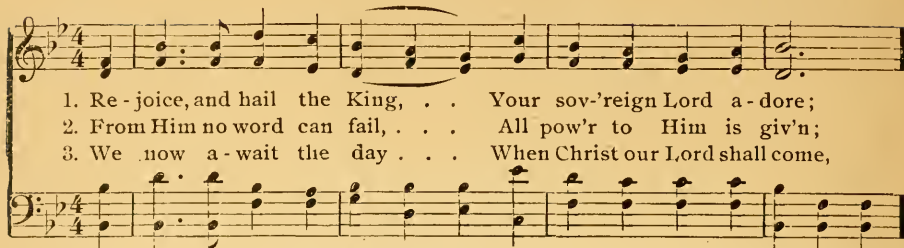
No. 3.

REJOICE, AND HAIL THE KING.

R. L.

"Again I say, Rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

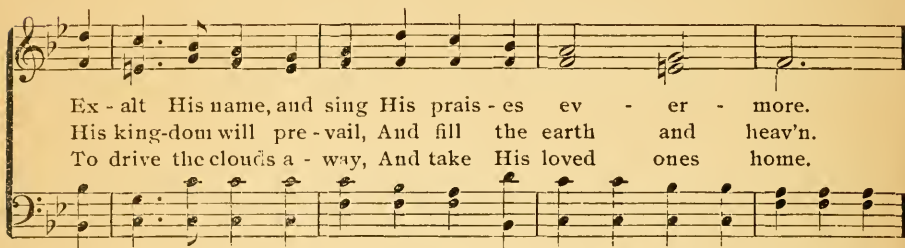
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Re-joice, and hail the King, . . . Your sov'-reign Lord a-dore;
 2. From Him no word can fail, . . . All pow'r to Him is giv'n;
 3. We now a-wait the day . . . When Christ our Lord shall come,

and hail the King,
 no word can fail,
 a-wait the day

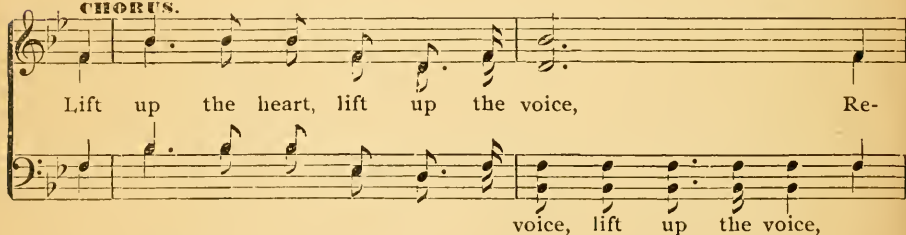
you're Lord a-dore;
 to Him is giv'n;
 our Lord shall come;



Ex-alt His name, and sing His prais-es ev-er-more.
 His king-dom will pre-vail, And fill the earth and heav'n.
 To drive the clouds a-way, And take His loved ones home.

and sing His prais-es ev-er, ev-er-more.
 pre-vail, And fill the earth, the earth and heav'n.
 a-way, And take His loved ones, loved ones home.

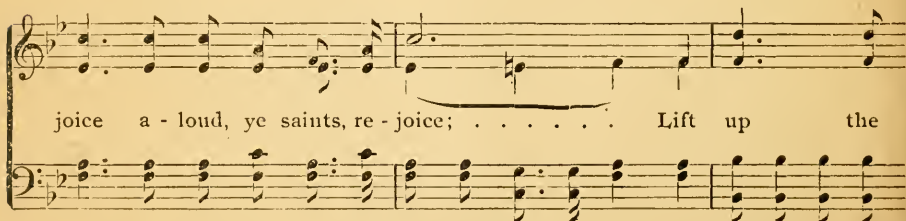
CHORUS.



Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,

Re-

voice, lift up the voice,



joice a-loud, ye saints, re-joyce; . . . Lift up the

re-joyce, ye saints, re-joyce; Lift up, lift up the

REJOICE, AND HAIL THE KING. Concluded.

heart, lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, re - joice.

heart, lift up, lift up the voice,

No. 4. BE STILL, O HEART.

JEAN H. WATSON.

"Be still, and know that I am God."—Ps. 46: 10.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Be still, O heart! Why fear and trem - ble? What harm, what e - vil,
 2. Be still, O heart! The Lord of Glo - ry Was once a man ac -
 3. Be still, O heart! Cease fear - ing, fret - ting A - bout the fut - ure,
 4. Be still, O heart! The King will send thee The clouds or sun - shine

can be-tide? Tho' foes in might - y hosts as-sem - ble, Fear not, for God is
 quaint with grief; He bends to hear—tell all thy sto - ry—He loves, He cares, He 'll
 all unknown; Nor think the Mas - ter is for-get - ting His ransomed ones, His
 as is best; His own right hand shall e'er defend thee; Then trust His love, and

REFRAIN. *p* **Rit.**

on thy side. Be still, be still, O heart, be still.
 send re - lief.
 loved. His own.
 know His rest. Be still, be still, O heart, be still.

No. 5.

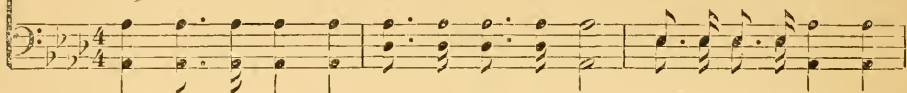
SINGING OF JESUS.

F. M. D.

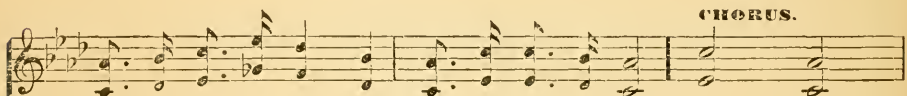
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Sing-ing of Je - sus all the way a - long, Singing of His mer - cy,
2. Sing-ing of Je - sus, bless-ed Son of God, Singing of the goodness
3. Sing-ing of Je - sus, bless His ho - ly name, He who doth restrain me



sing - ing of His love; How He for me did die up-on the cross
of this might-y King; An - gels in glo - ry help to swell the song,
from the ways of sin; So will I praise Him in the sweet-est song,



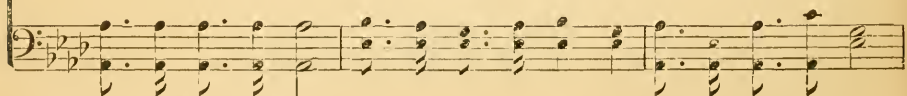
That I might in glo - ry dwell with Him a - bove.
Till all earth and heav - en with His prais-es sing. Sing - ing,
When I reach the heav - en that I hope to win.



Sing - ing, sing - ing,



sing-ing all the way, Sing-ing of His mer - cy, sing-ing of His love;



SINGING OF JESUS. Concluded.

Sing - ing, sing-ing all the day, All a-long the journey to the land above.

Sing-ing, singing,

No. 6. GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL "For He careth for you."—1 Pet. 5: 7.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. God will take care of you; all thro' the day Je - sus is
 2. He will take care of you; all thro' the night Je - sus, the
 3. He will take care of you; all thro' the year, Crown-ing each
 4. He will take care of you yes, to the end Noth - ing can

near you to keep you from ill; Wak - ing or rest - ing, at
 Shep - herd, His lit - tle one keeps; Dark - ness to Him is the
 day with His kind - ness and love; Send - ing you bless - ings, and
 al - ter His love for His own; Chil - dren be glad that you

work or at play, Je - sus is with you and watch-ing you still.
 same as the light, He nev - er slum-bers, and He nev - er sleeps.
 shield-ing from fear, Lead-ing you on to the bright home a - bove.
 have such a Friend; He will not leave you one mo - ment a - lone.

No. 7.

PRAISE THE LORD.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

"Sing praises unto His name."—Ps. 135: 3.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Oh, praise the Lord, sing to His name; Let ev - 'ry na - tion His
 2. Oh, praise the Lord, glad - ly a - dore Him, the om - nip - o - tent
 3. Oh, praise the Lord, chil - dren of men, Give Him your wor - ship a -

glo - ry pro - claim; Gra - cious and kind, lov - ing and true,
 God, ev - er - more; Kneel at His feet—par - don is there;
 gain and a - gain; Morn - ing and night, ear - nest - ly raise

REFRAIN.
 Praise ye the Lord, for He car - eth for you. Oh, praise the
 Tell Him your bur - den, your sor - row and care.
 Hymns of thanksgiv - ing and an - thems of praise. Oh, praise the Lord,

Lord, . . . Oh, praise the Lord; . . . Gra - cious and kind,
 Oh, praise the Lord, Praise Him, praise Him, Oh, praise the Lord;

PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.

lov - ing and true, Praise ye the Lord, for He car - eth for you.

No. 8.

LIFE IN HIS FAVOR.

REV. JAMES YEAMS.

"In His favor is life."—Ps. 30: 5.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Life in His fa - vor! For - giv - en all sin, Sun - shine a -
 2. Life in His fa - vor! The sen - tence re - pealed, Par - doned the
 3. Life in His fa - vor! All else is but vain, Sin's thorn - y
 4. Where can be sun - shine If night shroud the skies? Dark - ness broods

round me, and com - fort with - in; Sov - 'reign and Sav - iour. Re -
 guilt - y, the sin - sick one healed; Prod - i - gal wel - comed, and
 path - ways are sor - row and pain; Rich - es and pleas - ure a
 o'er me un - til Thou a - rise; Ra - diance of mer - cy, ef -

deem - er and Friend, Thee will I fol - low and serve to the end.
 son - ship re - stored, Hap - py the soul in the smile of its Lord!
 fu - gi - tive gleam, Hon - or and splen - dor a van - ish - ing dream.
 ful - gence di - vine, Sun of sal - va - tion, oh, break forth and shine!

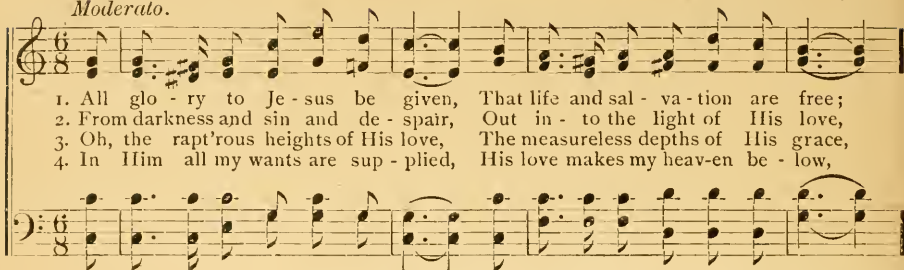
No. 9.

JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

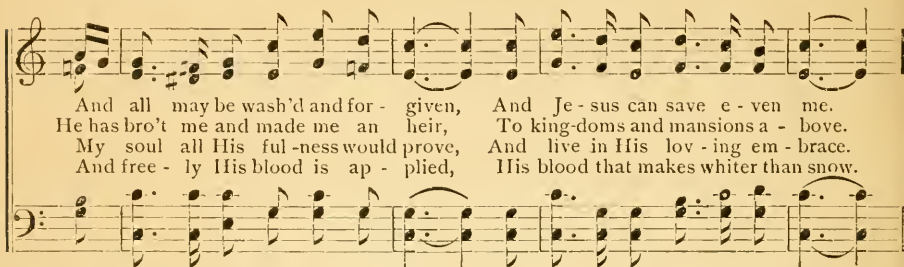
Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

"Mighty to save."

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

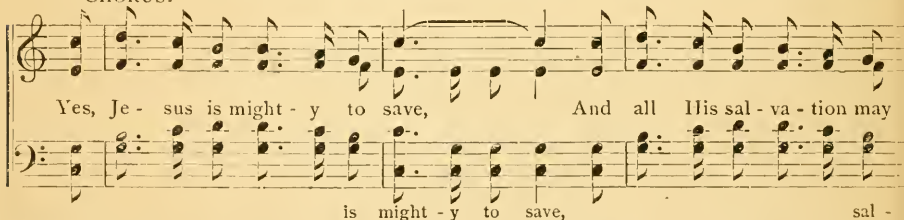
Moderato.


1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal - va - tion are free;
 2. From darkness and sin and de - spair, Out in - to the light of His love,
 3. Oh, the rapt'rous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,
 4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my heav - en be - low,

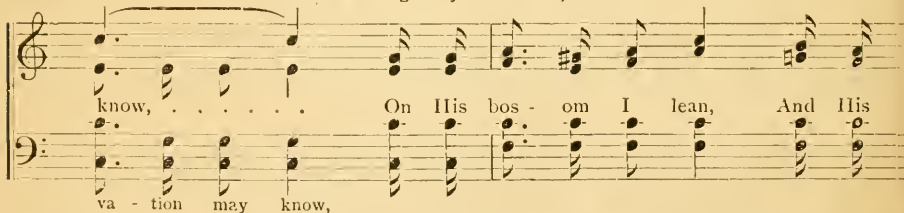


And all may be wash'd and for - given, And Je - sus can save e - ven me.
 He has bro't me and made me an heir, To king - doms and mansions a - bove.
 My soul all His ful - ness would prove, And live in His lov - ing em - brace.
 And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

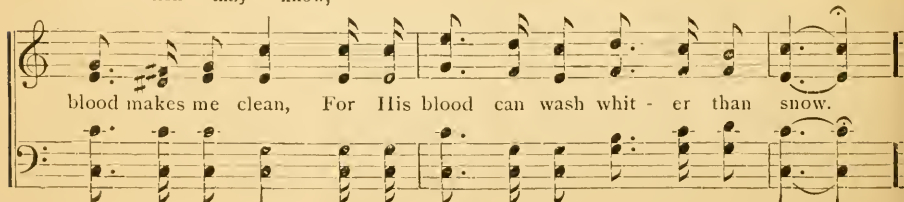
CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus is might - y to save, And all His sal - va - tion may
 is might - y to save, sal -



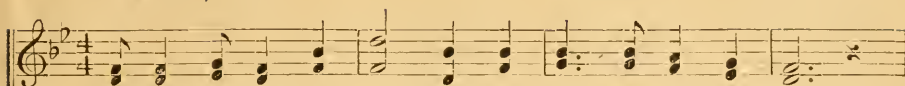
know, On His bos - om I lean, And His
 va - tion may know,




blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whit - er than snow.

Rev. S. F. SMITH, D.D.


W. H. DOANE.



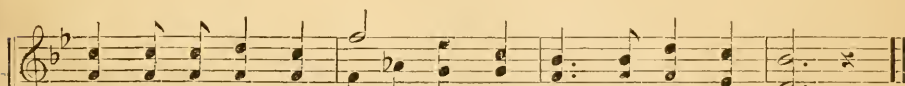
1. On-ward! O Chris-tian War - riors, Where'er the trum - pet calls,
 2. On-ward! with lov - ing pur - pose, Where crime and sor - row reign,
 3. On-ward! the bat - tle thick - ens, The cap - tain's sig - nal see?



On-ward! the lead - er sum - mons, Be - yond the shel - t'ring walls;
 On-ward! like men in earn - est, On - ward with heart and brain;
 On-ward! to deeds of glo - ry, On - ward to vic - to - ry!



Onward! the work a - waits you, Fear not the cold world's frown,
 Onward! to save the err - ing, To break the bonds of sin:
 Onward! with God as - sist - ing, Like sol - diers true and brave,



Arm for the glo - rious con - flict, Then wear the vic - tor's crown.
 On-ward! the lost to res - cue, Gems for Christ's crown to win.
 Till o'er con - quer - ed for - tress, Sal - va - tions ban - ner waves.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."

Rev. I. WATTS.
Spirited.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry: We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or
march - ing thro' Im -manuel's ground, We're march - ing thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, We're
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION. Concluded.

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.

Zi - on, Zi - on,

No. 12.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord: No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom - is -
 5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in -

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I
 power When Thou art nigh.
 bide, Or life is vain.
 es In me ful - fil.
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

need Thee: O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee.

No. 13.

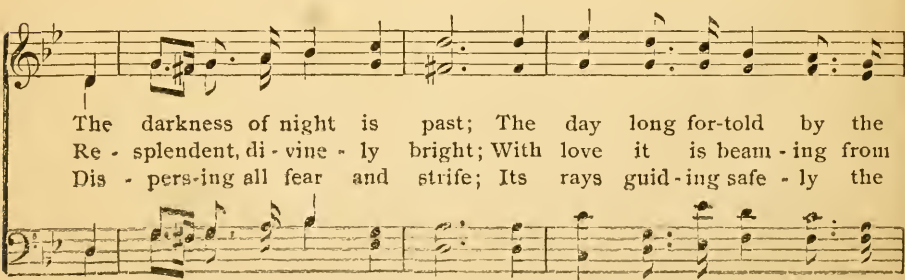
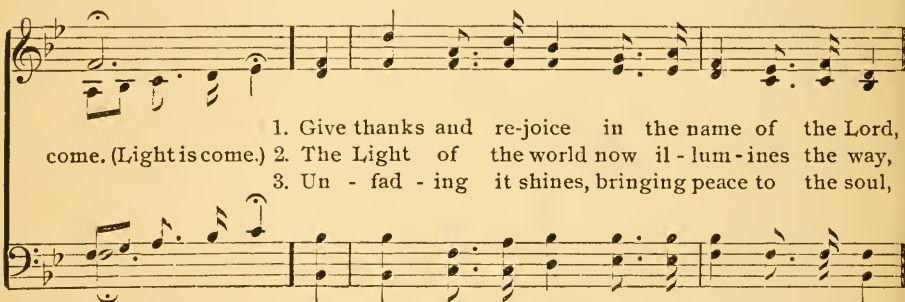
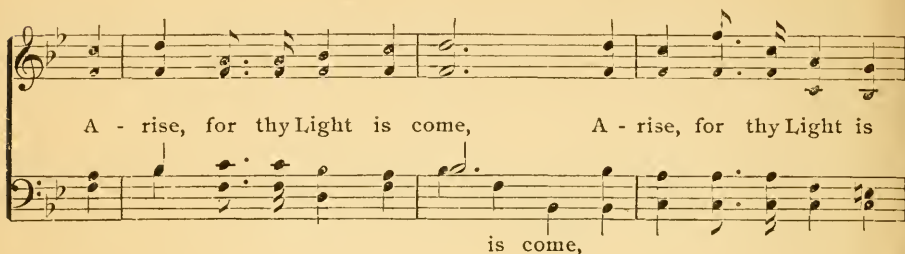
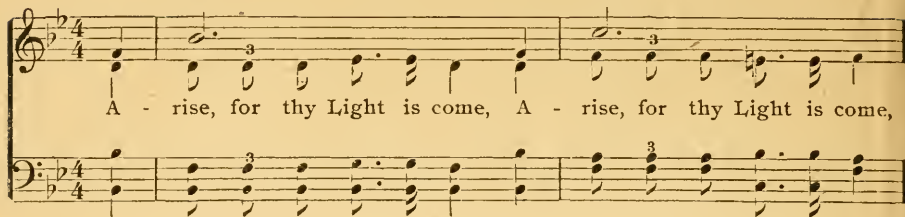
ARISE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

A - rise,

A - rise,



ARISE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME. Concluded.

proph - ets has dawned, The morn - ing has come at last.
 Cal - va - ry's mount, Dis - pell - ing the gloom of night.
 wan - der - ers home, Shine on, O Thou Light of Life.

No. 14. THOU, WHOSE AWAKENING WORD.

A. J. SAGE, D. D. *'Let us draw near hither unto God.'*—1 Sam. 14: 36. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Thou, whose a - wak - 'ning word, Stars of the morn - ing heard,
 2. Thine is the glo - rious sky, Thine are the hosts on high,
 3. Not with Thy thunders loud, Peel - ing thro' fire and cloud,
 4. Oh, may Thy name resound The spa - cious world a - round,

And sang for joy— Spir - it of heav'n - ly grace, Draw nigh to
 Thine earth and sea; Thine be this peo - ple now, Who in Thy
 This tem - ple fill; But as in Beth - le - hem, When ho - ly
 O'er land and sea; Till with an - gel - ic throngs, Tun - ing har -

bles the place, While pray'r and song and praise Our hearts em - ploy.
 pres - ence bow, Bring - ing, with sol - emn vow, Off - 'rings to Thee.
 an - geis came, Make known Thy glo - rious name, Peace and good will.
 mo - ni - ous tongues, All na - tions lift their songs In praise to Thee.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We have tak - en up our stand To e - van - gel - ize the land, And for
 2. With the gos - pel arm - or on, In the name of God's own Son, We go
 3. We've a craft - y foe to meet, But we'll nev - er show re - treat, In the

Je - sus we will cap - ture all the world; We have raised our standard high, And for
 forth to bat - tle with the wi - ly foe; We'll be brave and courage take, And His
 bat - tie for the right a - gainst the wrong; We are battling for the Lord, And our

it we'll live and die, For the flag of Je - sus ev - er shall be furled.
 cause we'll ne'er forsake, While our conquering legion on to vic - t'ry go.
 weapons are his word, Which will give to us at last the vic - tor's song.

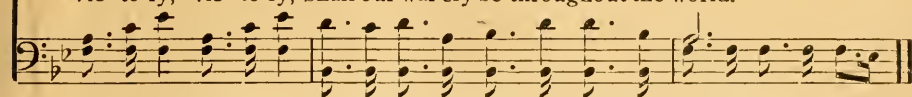
CHORUS.

On, on to the con - flict, On, on to the con - flict;
 On, on, on, to the conflict, On, on, on, to the con - flict,

ON TO THE CONFLICT. Concluded.



Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Shall our war cry be throughout the world.



throughout the world.

No. 16.

HAPPY LAND.

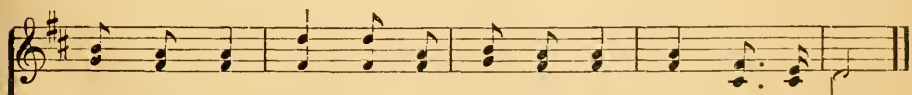
Old Melody.



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?



Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
Love can-not die. On, then, to glo-ry run: Be a crown and
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be When from sin and



Sav-iour King," Loud let his prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
sor-row free; Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.



No. 17.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neith-er sil-ver nor gold: I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are na-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
 3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy king-dom, With its
 Sav-iour! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ-ten, In bright
 be-ings, In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e-vil thing com-eth, To de-

pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name writ-ten there?
 let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair, Where the an-gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

CHORUS.

1st. Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
 2d, 3d. Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?
 In the book of Thy king-dom, Yes, my name's writ-ten there?

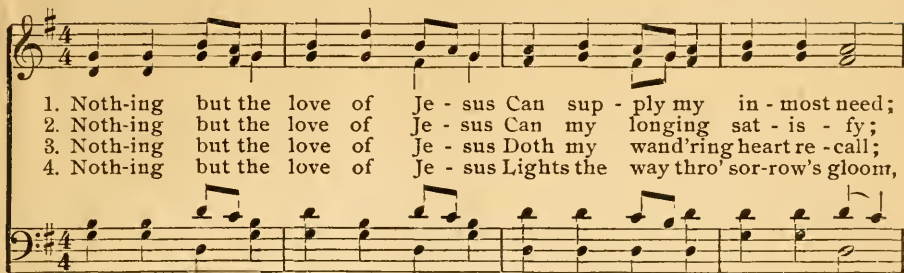
No. 18.

NOTHING BUT THE LOVE OF JESUS.

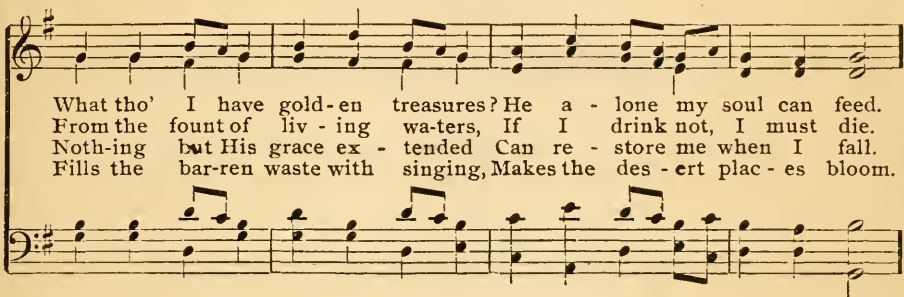
"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. 8: 35.

ANNIE S. HANKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

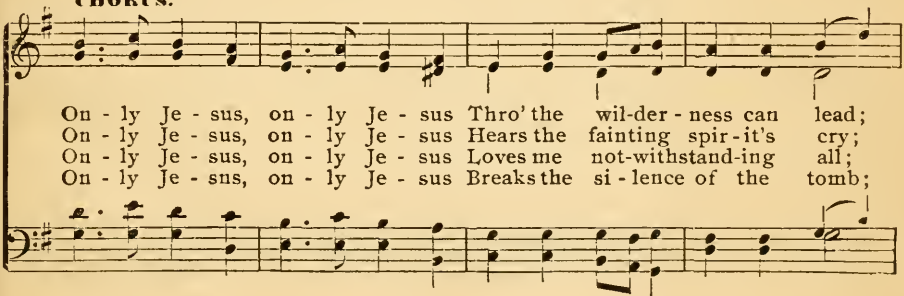


1. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Can sup - ply my in - most need;
 2. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Can my long-ing sat - is - fy;
 3. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Doth my wand'ring heart re - call;
 4. Noth-ing but the love of Je - sus Lights the way thro' sor-row's gloom,



What tho' I have gold-en treasures? He a - lone my soul can feed.
 From the fount of liv - ing wa-ters, If I drink not, I must die.
 Noth-ing but His grace ex - tended Can re - store me when I fall.
 Fills the bar-ren waste with sing-ing, Makes the des - ert plac - es bloom.

CHORUS.



On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Thro' the wil-der - ness can lead;
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Hears the fainting spir - it's cry;
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Loves me not-withstand-ing all;
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Breaks the si - lence of the tomb;

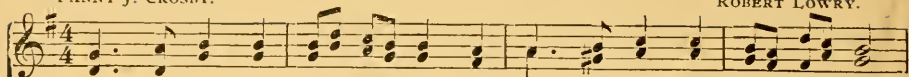


On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Thro' the wil-der - ness can lead.
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Hears the fainting spir - it's cry.
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Loves me not-withstand-ing all.
 On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Breaks the si - lence of the tomb.

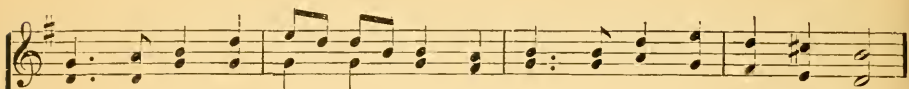
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Go ye into all the world."—Mark 16: 15.

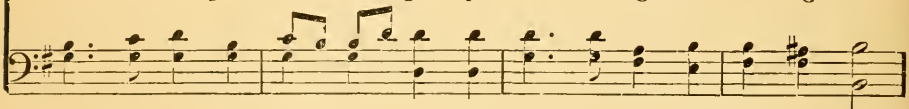
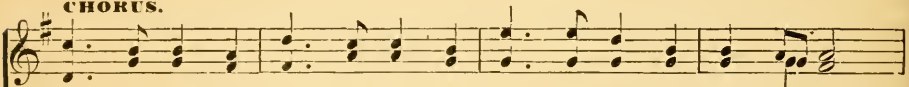
ROBERT LOWRY.



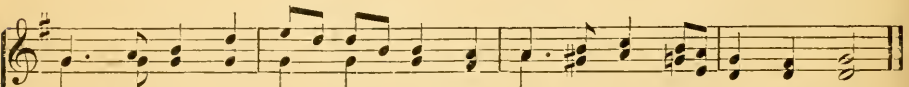
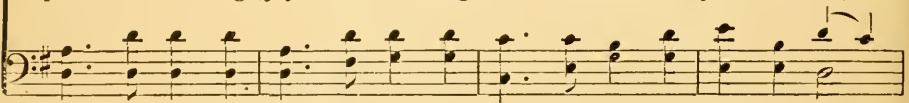
1. Speed the ti - dings o'er the o - cean, Where the storm-y bil - lows roll;
2. Speed the ti - dings, do not lin - ger, Lest the moments wing their flight;
3. Oh, the prom-ised day is com-ing, When the chil-dren from a - far



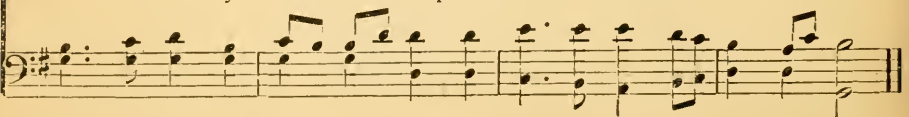
Bid the trumpet of the Gos-pel Sound a-loud from pole to pole.
 Call the na - tions from their i - dols, Out of dark-ness in - to light.
 Shall with us pro - claim the glo - ry Of a Bright and Morning Star.

**CHORUS.**

Speed the ti - dings, joy - ful ti - dings, To the isles be - yond the sea;

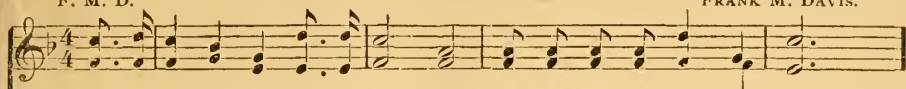


Tell the sto - ry of re - demption Thro' a Sav - iour, full and free.

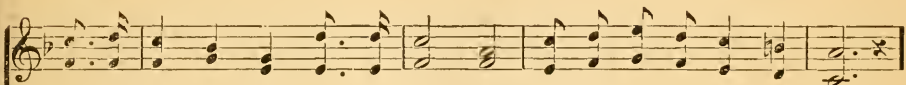
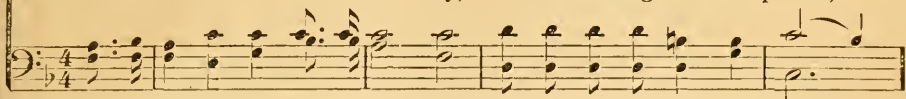


F. M. D.

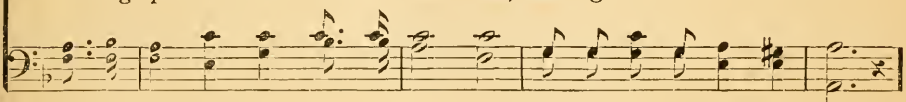
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. On the Rock of faith I am build - ing, Building for e - ter - ni - ty,
2. On the Rock of faith I for - ev - er Shall my soul's sal - va - tion rest,
3. On the Rock of faith lies the vic - t'ry, O - ver - com - ing e - vil pow'rs,



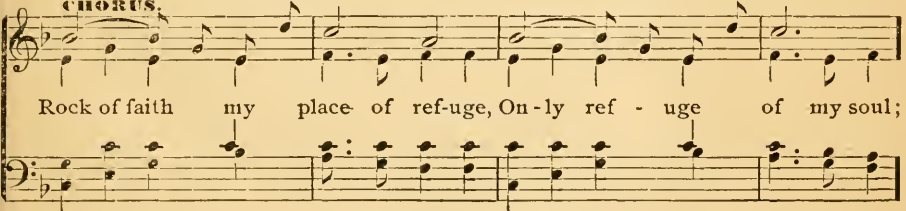
On this firm en - dur - ing foun - da - tion, Shall my place of ref - uge be.
 Though the storms of doubt gather round me, Yet they nev - er here mo - lest.
 Lift - ing up the vail of the dark - ness, Making sweeter life's brief hours.



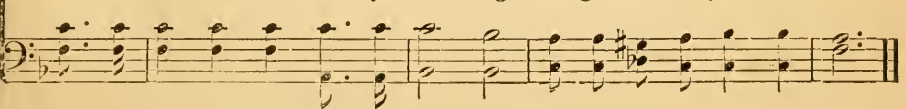
Rock of faith my ref - uge, ref - uge of my soul,;

CHORUS.

Rock of faith my place of ref - uge, On - ly ref - uge of my soul;



On the Rock of faith safe - ly rest - ing, Though the stormy bil - lows roll.



No. 21.

REDEEMING LOVE.

R. L.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood."—Eph. 1: 7.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. To Christ, our Lord and faithful Friend, A grate-ful song we raise; His
 2. He left the hom-age an-gels give, To dwell with men be-low; He
 3. And when we reach our home a-bove, And tell our triumphs o'er, We'll

CHORUS.

love is true till time shall end, And His shall be the praise.
 gave His life that we might live, Be-cause He loved us so. Sing the
 sing of His Re-deeming Love, And praise Him ev-er-more.

song, . . . the song of Love, Redeeming Love, Redeeming Love;
 song, sing the song, the song of Love, the song of Love,

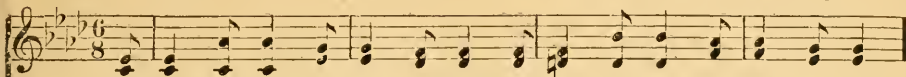
Sing the song, . . . the joy-ful song, That fills the courts above.
 Sing the song, sing the song, the joyful song, the joyful song.

Copyright, 1895, by Robert Lowry.

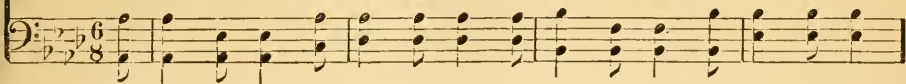
No. 22. JESUS OF NAZARETH DIED FOR ME.

WM. H. CLARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. I'm help-less, Lord, to Thee I fly, In mer - cy hear me when I cry,
2. I know Thou wilt my sins for-give, For Thou hast bid me turn and live,
3. My Sav - iour now is lift - ed up, I look to Him, my on - ly hope,
4. And now I hear Thy pard'ning voice, That bids me in Thy love re-joice,



While now I urge one on - ly plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!
 With long - ing heart I come to Thee: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!
 I trust Thy word and press the plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!
 My soul doth triumph in the plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!



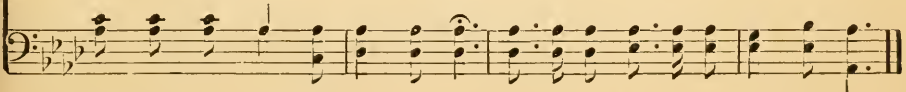
REFRAIN.



Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me, Died to re-deem me and set me free.



This is my hope, my on - ly plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!



No. 23.

WHO IS READY?

W. H. D.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Who is read - y, who is will - ing, To ac - knowledge Christ the Lord,
 2. Who is read - y, who is will - ing, Hum - bly, tru - ly to be - lieve,
 3. Who is read - y, who is will - ing, In the ranks of truth to stand,
 4. Is there one a - mong our num - ber, Read - y, will - ing now to say,

And ac - cept the terms of par - don, Of - fered in His Ho - ly Word.
 That by sim - ple faith in Je - sus, His for - give - ness will re - ceive.
 Who will bear the Gos - pel Ban - ner, With a bold and fear - less hand.
 I would like to find the Sav - iour, Come at once, with - out de - lay.

CHORUS.

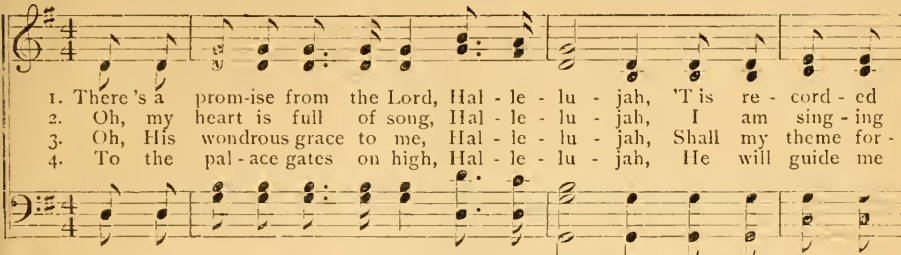
Do not wait an - oth - er mo - ment, Now be - gin your life a - new,

Rall.
 O re - mem - ber, O re - mem - ber, Time will nev - er wait for you.

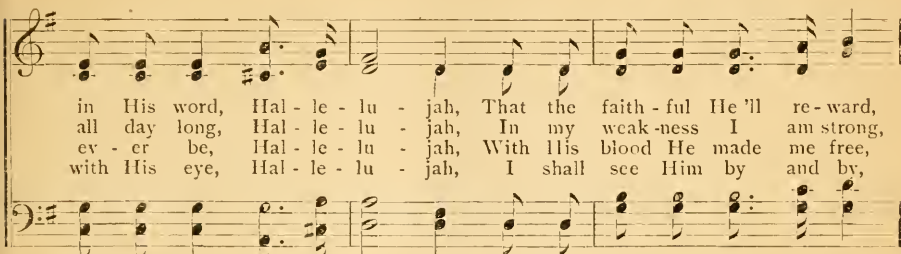
No. 24. THERE'S A PROMISE FROM THE LORD.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. There's a prom-ise from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, 'T is re - cord - ed
 2. Oh, my heart is full of song, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am sing - ing
 3. Oh, His wondrous grace to me, Hal - le - lu - jah, Shall my theme for -
 4. To the pal - ace gates on high, Hal - le - lu - jah, He will guide me

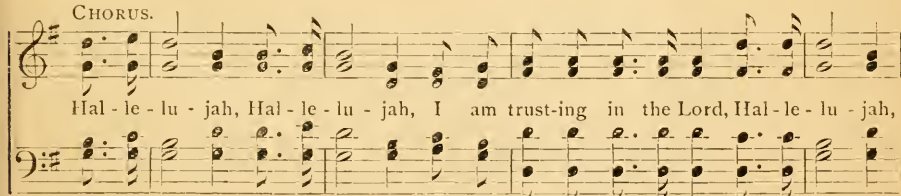


in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah, That the faith - ful He'll re - ward,
 all day long, Hal - le - lu - jah, In my weak - ness I am strong,
 ev - er be, Hal - le - lu - jah, With His blood He made me free,
 with His eye, Hal - le - lu - jah, I shall see Him by and by,

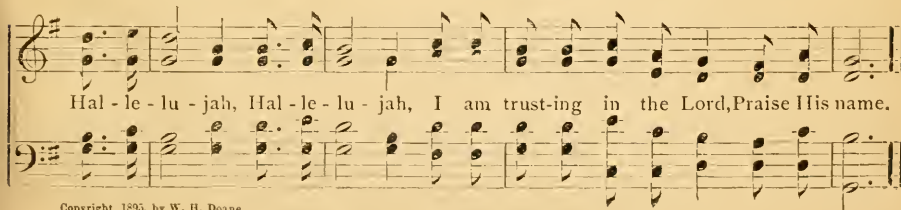


Hal - le - lu - jah, And that prom - ise I be - lieve, Praise His name.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, For my strength is in the Lord, Praise His name.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, I am hap - py in His love, Praise His name.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, And in glo - ry at His feet Praise His name.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am trust - ing in the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah,



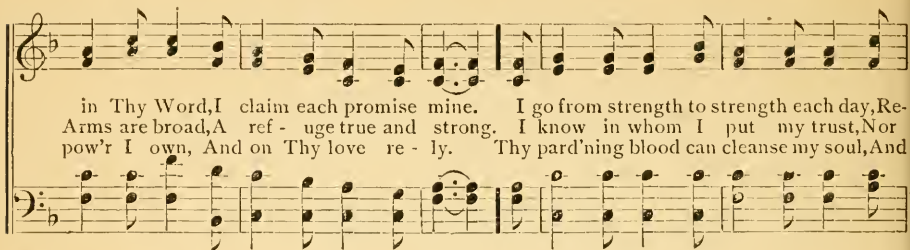
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am trust - ing in the Lord, Praise His name.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

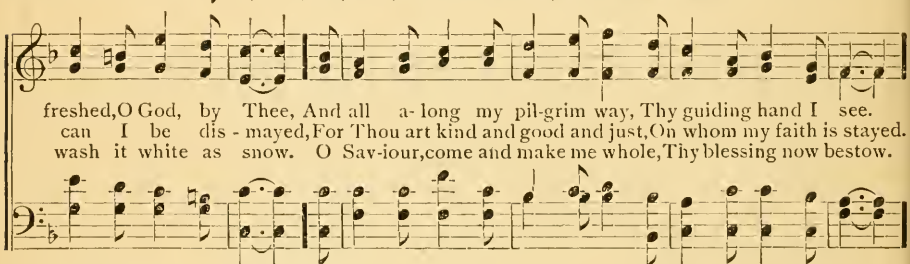
A. M. HOWARD.



1. My faith is stayed on Thee, O Lord, Re-deem-er, King di-vine, My soul re-joic-es
 2. My spir-it leans on Thee, O God, Thou art my Sun and Song, Thine ev-er-last-ing
 3. My faith is fixed on Thee a-lone, No oth-er hope have I; Thy sav-ing grace and

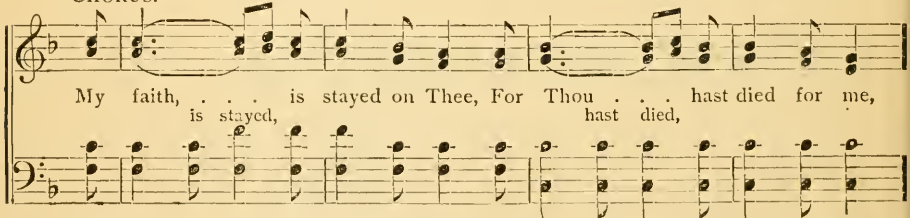


in Thy Word, I claim each promise mine. I go from strength to strength each day, Re-
 Arms are broad, A ref-uge true and strong. I know in whom I put my trust, Nor
 pow'r I own, And on Thy love re-ly. Thy pard'ning blood can cleanse my soul, And

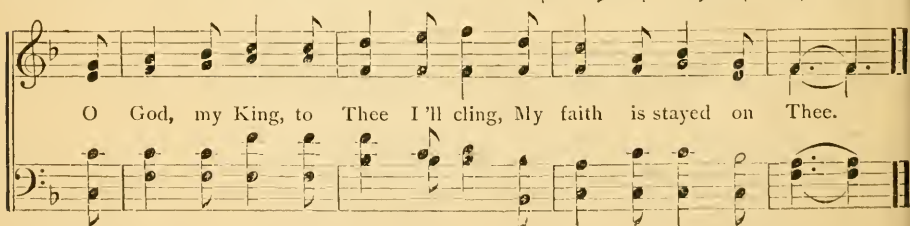


freshed, O God, by Thee, And all a-long my pil-grim way, Thy guiding hand I see.
 can I be dis-mayed, For Thou art kind and good and just, On whom my faith is stayed.
 wash it white as snow. O Sav-iour, come and make me whole, Thy blessing now bestow.

CHORUS.



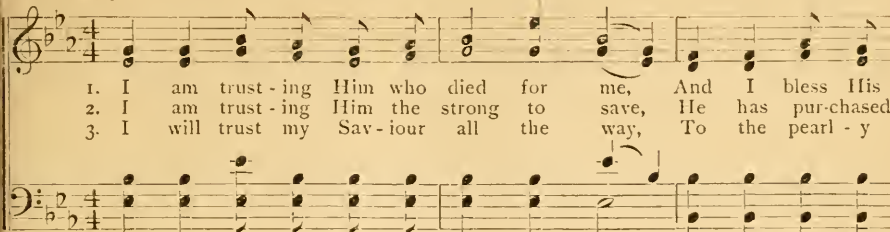
My faith, is stayed, is stayed on Thee, For Thou hast died for me,
 is stayed, hast died,



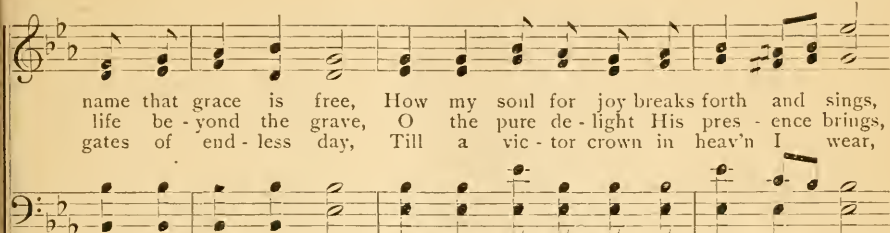
O God, my King, to Thee I'll cling, My faith is stayed on Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

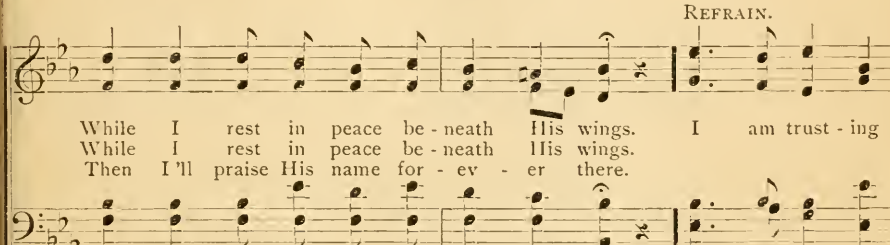


1. I am trust - ing Him who died for me, And I bless His
 2. I am trust - ing Him the strong to save, He has pur - chased
 3. I will trust my Sav - iour all the way, To the pearl - y

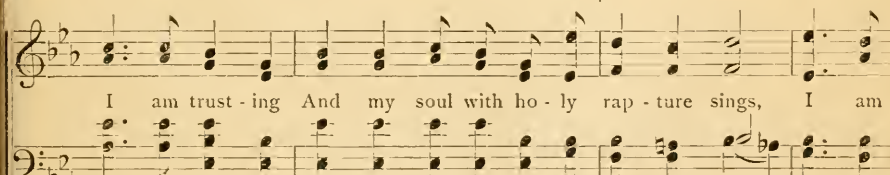


name that grace is free, How my soul for joy breaks forth and sings,
 life be - yond the grave, O the pure de - light His pres - ence brings,
 gates of end - less day, Till a vic - tor crown in heav'n I wear,

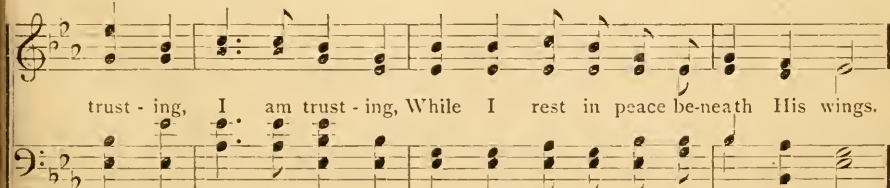
REFRAIN.



While I rest in peace be - neath His wings. I am trust - ing
 While I rest in peace be - neath His wings.
 Then I'll praise His name for - ev - er there.



I am trust - ing And my soul with ho - ly rap - ture sings, I am



trust - ing, I am trust - ing, While I rest in peace be - neath His wings.

ANNIE M. STOWE.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Not far from the king-dom, O words of the Lord, How deep - ly im -
 2. Not far from the king-dom, make haste to re-ceive, The par - don He
 3. Not far from the king-dom, where all may pre-pare, Bright man - sions of



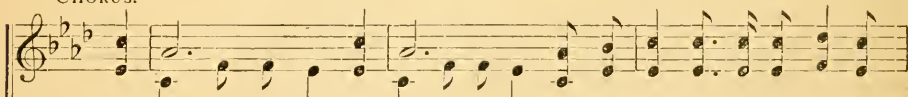
press - ive they come from His word, He spoke them so kind - ly, He
 of - fers to those who be - lieve, From love's ten - der plead - ing what
 glo - ry, with Je - sus to share, Not far from the king-dom, O



speaks them to - day, The nar - row gate is o - pen, we can still hear Him say.
 keeps you a - way, The Sav - iour now is call - ing, we can still hear Him say.
 come while you may, The Sav - iour now is wait - ing, we can still hear Him say.



CHORUS.



Not far, no not far, O soul, 'Tis not far from the kingdom, What



keeps thee a - way, Come, O come to thy Lord, O be - lieve on His word.



NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM. Concluded.

He is call - ing, gen - tly call - ing, will you come, come to - day.

No. 28.

GIVE THY HEART TO ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
SOLO.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hark! there comes a whis - per Steal - ing on thine ear; 'Tis the Sav - iour
2. With that voice so gen - tle, Dost thou hear Him say, Tell me all Thy
3. Wouldst thou find a ref - uge For thy soul op-press'd? Je - sus kind - ly
4. At the cross of Je - sus Let thy bur - den fall, While He gen - tly

REFRAIN.

call-ing, Soft, soft and clear. Give thy heart to me, Once I died for
sor-rows, Come, come a-way.
answers, I am thy rest.
whis-pers, I'll bear it all. Just now,

thee; O come, Hark! hark! thy Sav - iour calls, Come, sin - ner, come.

MARTHA E. OLIVER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come, walk and talk with Je - sus, In fel - low - ship com - plete;
 2. Come, tell your love and long - ing, And clasp your Fa - ther's hand;
 3. If doubts and cares are vex - ing, Talk with your faith - ful Friend;
 4. His bound - less love and mer - cy Can ev - 'ry need sup - ply;

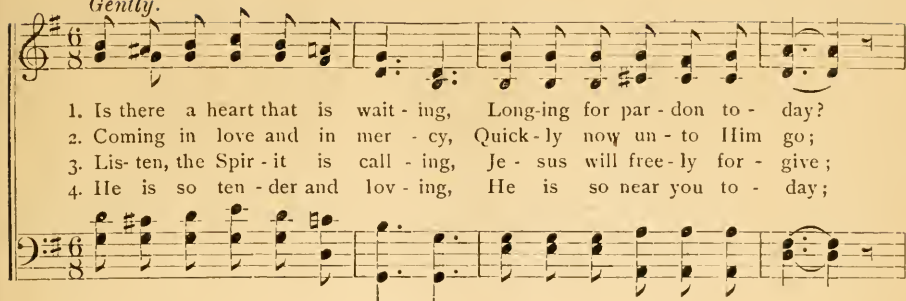
Bring all your joys and sor - rows, And lay them at His feet.
 The bro - ken speech may fal - ter, But He will un - der - stand.
 Tell ev - 'ry thought to Je - sus, And on His strength de - pend.
 His dai - ly grace re - stores us, Like man - na from on high.

CHORUS.

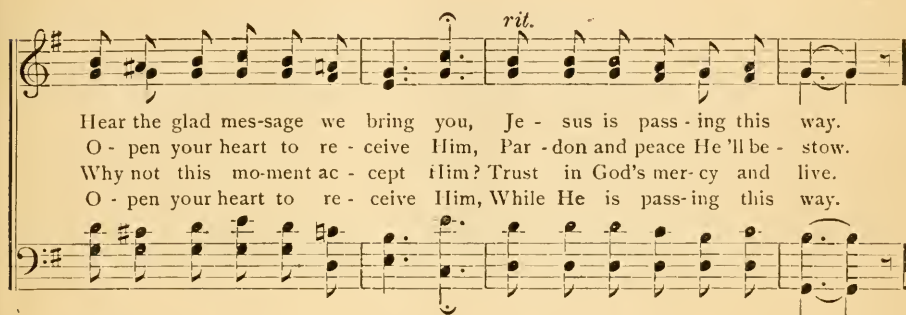
O bless - - ed thought, It cheers the dark - est day,
 O bless - ed thought, O bless - ed thought,

To walk and talk with Je - sus, While jour - neying on our way.

W. H. DOANE.

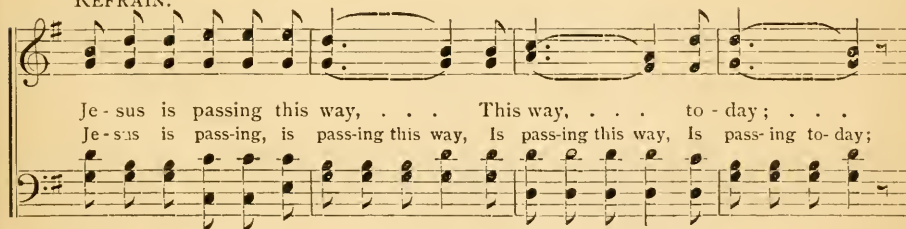
Gently.


1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Long - ing for par - don to - day?
 2. Coming in love and in mer - cy, Quick - ly now un - to Him go;
 3. Lis - ten, the Spir - it is call - ing, Je - sus will free - ly for - give;
 4. He is so ten - der and lov - ing, He is so near you to - day;



Hear the glad mes - sage we bring you, Je - sus is pass - ing this way.
 O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, Par - don and peace He'll be - stow.
 Why not this mo - ment ac - cept Him? Trust in God's mer - cy and live.
 O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, While He is pass - ing this way.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus is pass - ing this way, . . . This way, . . . to - day; . . .
 Je - sus is pass - ing, is pass - ing this way, Is pass - ing this way, Is pass - ing to - day;



Je - sus is pass - ing this way, . . . Is pass - ing this way to - day.
 way to - day,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am rest - ing in the Lord, Trust - ing on His gra - cious word;
 2. Thro' the Spir - it's pow'r Di - vine, Sweet - est com - fort now is mine;
 3. In my hour of dai - ly pray'r, God is pre - cious, God is there;
 4. By af - flic - tion sore - ly tried, Grace my heart has pur - i - fied;

Lost in won - der while I see His a - maz - ing love to me.
 He has made my an - chor sure, On the Rock I stand se - cure.
 Near - er to His throne I come, Near - er to my heav'n - ly home.
 Grace has made me what I am, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.


CHORUS.

I am rest - ing in the Lord, Trust-ing in His gra-cious word;
 rest-ing, rest-ing the Lord,


Glo - ry now, by faith I see, This is more than life to me.
 glo-ry now I see,

ANNIE M. STOWE.

A. M. HOWARD.




1. O wea - ry bur - dened souls op - prest, Come to the Great Phy - si - cian,
 2. Be - hold, He now is pass - ing by, Come to the Great Phy - si - cian,
 3. O hear the warn - ing voice with - in, Come to the Great Phy - si - cian,
 4. With His dear name your on - ly plea, Come to the Great Phy - si - cian,




He longs to heal and give you rest, He feels your sad con - di - tion.
 He left His Fa - ther's throne on high, To help your sad con - di - tion.
 His blood will cleanse from ev - 'ry sin, And change your sad con - di - tion.
 No pow'r but His can make you free From this your sad con - di - tion.

CHORUS.



Then come quick - ly a - way, . . . He knows and pit - ies your sor - row,
 to - day,



No lon - ger de - lay, but seek Him to - day, O why do you wait the mor - row.

Rev. H. C. McCook.

W. D. HOWARD.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. The Sav - iour's work - ers are in line, Work - ing for the Lord,
 2. Go spread the Gos - pel thro' the earth, Work - ing for the Lord,
 3. O, Je - sus strength - en ev - 'ry heart, Work - ing for the Lord,
 4. And when we cease at set - ting sun, Work - ing for the Lord,

SOLO.

CHORUS.

With joy - ful haste the ranks we join, Work - ing for the Lord.
 Pro - claim to all the Sav - iour's worth Work - ing for the Lord.
 To bear a faith - ful ser - vant's part Work - ing for the Lord.
 Lord of the vine - yard say: well done, Work - ing for the Lord.

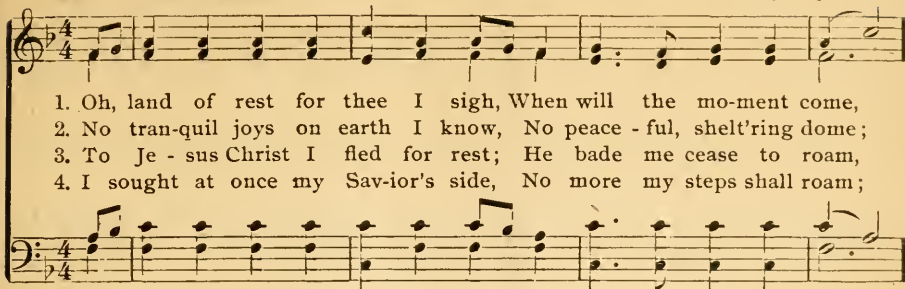
FULL CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus calls us, We'll work till Je - sus calls us,

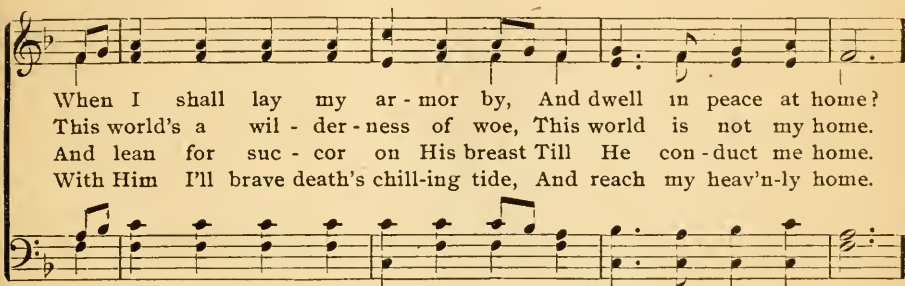
We'll work till Je - sus calls us, And then we'll rest at home.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

DR. WM. MILLER. Arr. by W. J. K.

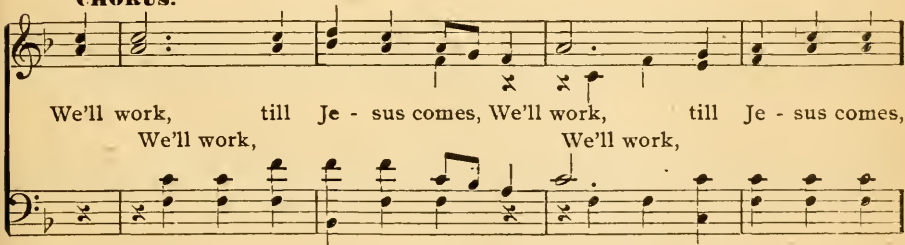


1. Oh, land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful, shelt'ring dome;
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

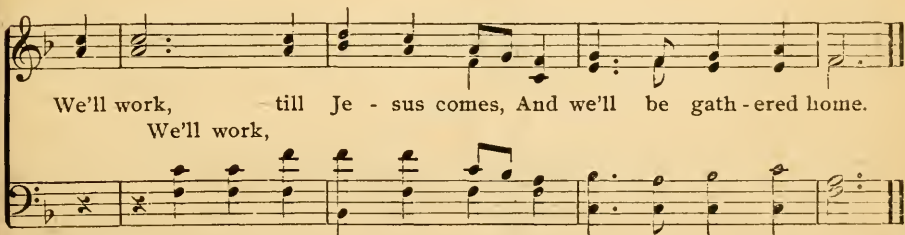


When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
 With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.



We'll work, till Je - sus comes, We'll work, till Je - sus comes,
 We'll work, We'll work,



We'll work, till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
 We'll work,

By permission.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
 rolled a - way,

AT THE CROSS. Concluded.

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

No. 36.

VARINA. C. M. D.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."

I. WATTS

GEO. F. ROOT. By per.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; }
 { E - ter-nal day ex-cludes the nigh, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. }
 2. { Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; }
 { So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween. }

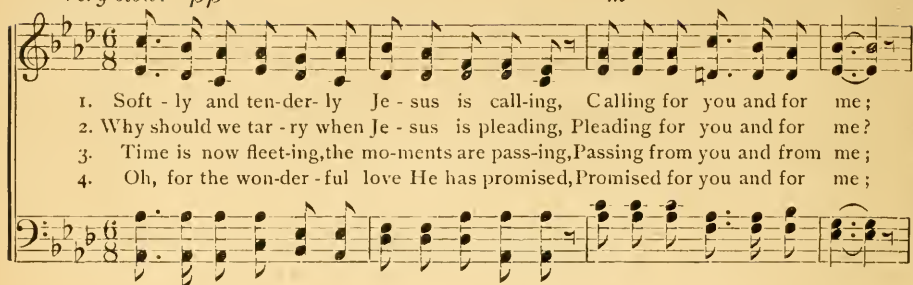
There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - ring flowers;
 Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
 Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

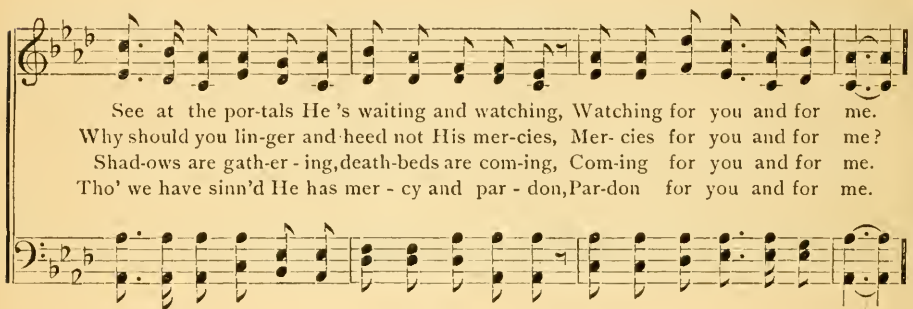
W. L. T.

Very slow. pp

WILL L. THOMPSON.

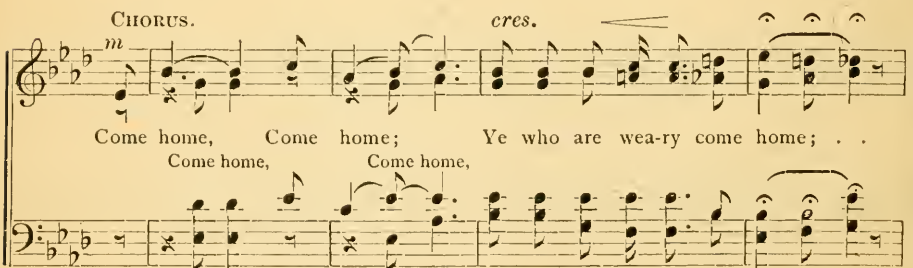
m


1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Calling for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Passing from you and from me;
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

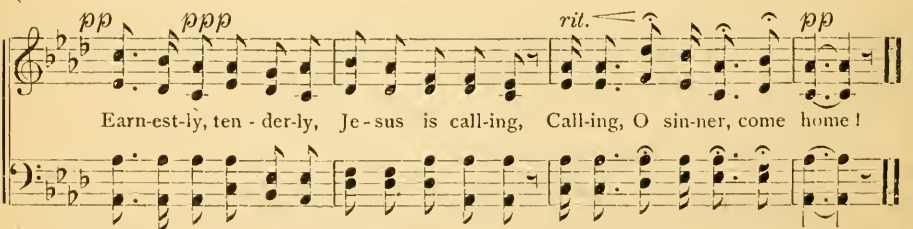


See at the por - tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should you lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.



m *cres.*
 Come home, Come home; Ye who are wea - ry come home; . .
 Come home, Come home,



pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*
 Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."

HATTIE M. CONREY.

REV. R. LOWRY. By per.

1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a-lone—
 2. What tho' all my earth-ly jour-ney Bring-eth naught but wea-ry hours,
 3. What tho' all my heart is yearn-ing For the loved of long a-go—
 4. When I soar to realms of glo-ry, And an en-trance I a-wait,

Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
 And, in grasp-ing for life's ros-es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs—
 Bit-ter les-sons sad-ly learn-ing, From the shad-ow-y page of woe—
 If I whis-per, "Je-sus on-ly!" Wide will ope the pearl-y gate;

If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
 If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," I pos-sess a clus-ter rare;
 If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," He'll be with me to the end;
 When I join the heav'n-ly cho-rus, And the an-gel hosts I see,

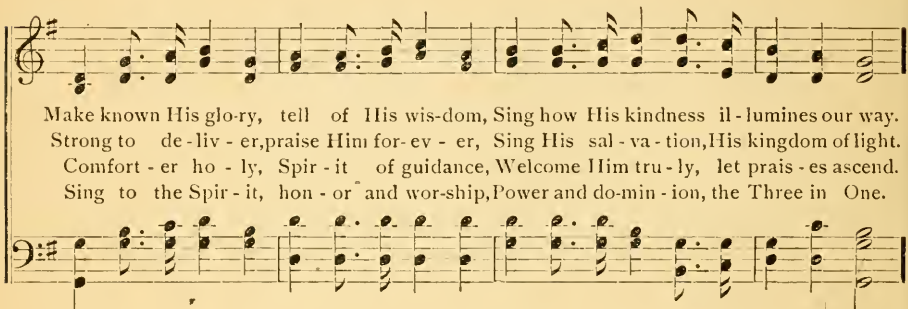
He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth-le-hem.
 He's the "Lil-y of the Val-ley," And the "Rose of Shar-on" fair.
 And, un-seen by mor-tal vis-ion, An-gel bands will o'er me bend.
 Pre-cious Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Will my theme of rapt-ure be.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

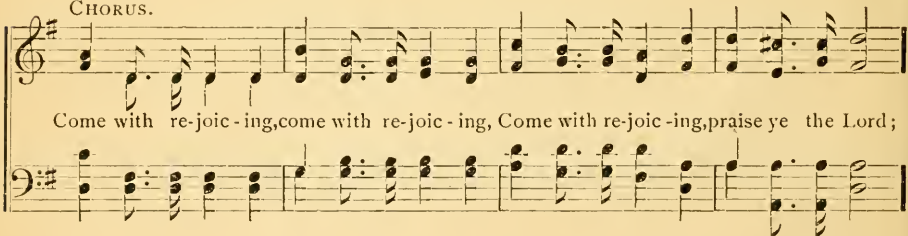
With animation.


1. Sing to the Lord, to God our Fa-ther, Speak of His goodness from day to day;
 2. Sing to the Lord, our great Re-deem-er, Sing He is ris-en, with sav-ing might;
 3. Sing to the Lord, the Ho-ly Spir-it, Spir-it of truth, our a-bid-ing friend;
 4. Sing to the Lord, to God our Fa-ther, Sing to our Sav-iour, e-ter-nal Son;

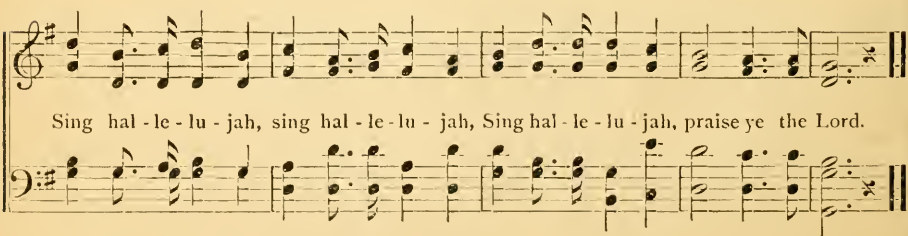


Make known His glo-ry, tell of His wis-dom, Sing how His kindness il-lu-mines our way.
 Strong to de-liv-er, praise Him for-ev-er, Sing His sal-va-tion, His kingdom of light.
 Comfort-er ho-ly, Spir-it of guidance, Welcome Him tru-ly, let prais-es ascend.
 Sing to the Spir-it, hon-or and wor-ship, Power and do-min-ion, the Three in One.

CHORUS.



Come with re-joic-ing, come with re-joic-ing, Come with re-joic-ing, praise ye the Lord;



Sing hal-le-lu-jah, sing hal-le-lu-jah, Sing hal-le-lu-jah, praise ye the Lord.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."

REV. THOMAS J. POTTER,

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers on-ward,
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic - ing,
 3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious
 4. Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove, Off'ring endless prais - es

To their home on high; Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
 See thy chil-dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a-stray,
 O - ver ev - 'ry foe; Bid Thine angels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
 At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—

CHORUS.

And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.
 Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar-row way. Brightly gleams our
 Par - don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
 Je - sus in His beau - ty;—Songs that nev - er cease.

ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their homes on high.

No. 41.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
 2. Ye chil-dren of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly
 3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the
 4. A dear one in heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti - ful

way to sal - va - tion and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain
 ut-tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,
 ransomed the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last-ing if ye would obtain,
 gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn re-frain,

a - gain, . . . **CHORUS.** a -

"Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain." "Ye must be born a -

gain, . . . a - gain, . . .

gain, a - gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I ver - i - ly,

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN. Concluded.

a - gain. . . .

ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain.

No. 42.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov' - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

"God so loved the world."

MRS. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall;
 2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
 3. Love brings the glo - rious full - ness in, And to His saints makes known
 4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be giv'n
 5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r Let all the ransomed sing

Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
 Re - demp - tion by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
 The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
 A glo - rious fore - taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heav'n.
 And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord our King.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;

It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

"And the lamb is the light thereof."

MRS. E. W. GRISWOLD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the bless - ed home a -
 2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ Of the land of song and
 3. Then fol - low Him till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark - freed

bove, From whence, are its rays of won - drous noon? Oh! "the
 love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the
 dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "the

CHORUS.

LAMB is the light there - of." They shall walk in white, there shall

be no night In the fade - less home a - bove; And the

shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the LAMB is the light thereof."

THOMAS MCDougALL.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I love to sit at Je - sus' feet, In pen - i - tence and pray'r, To taste the
 2. I love to sit in sor - row's hour, With-in that blest re - treat, And feel His
 3. I love in sweet com-mun - ion there, To feel our spir - its meet; The feast is

par - don ev - er sweet, He free - ly gives me there. 'Tis there I love to
 gra - cious healing pow'r Steal thro' me at His feet. And there I feel the
 rich be - yond com - pare, He spreads me at His feet. When I my Fath - er's

plead my case, His ten - der - ness en - treat, And feel His lov - ing, melt - ing grace,
 strength to dare, And all my foes de - feat, The grace each cru - el wrong to bear,
 home shall see, And all the loved ones greet, No spot will be so dear to me,

rit. CHORUS.
 Within me at His feet. Par - don sweet, at His feet, ev - er free,
 He gives me at His feet.
 I sit - ting at His feet. ev - er free,

Pre - cious blood like a flood flows to me; flows to me; Come to Him, O come and

AT JESUS' FEET. Concluded.

live, For so free - ly He'll forgive, And wash all your sins a - way.

No. 46.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

FANNIE J. CROSBY.
Slow, with feeling.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More like Jesus would I be ; Let my Saviour dwell with me, Fill my soul with peace and love,
2. If He hears the raven's cry ; If His ever watchful eye Marks the sparrows when they fall,
3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Jesus day by day, May I rest me by His side,

rit.

Make me gen - tle as a dove ; More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this
Sure - ly He will hear my call, He will teach me how to live, All my sim - ple
Where the tran - quil wa - ters glide ; Born of Him, thro' grace renew'd, By His love my

rit.

world be - low ; Poor in Spir - it would I be — Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.
tho'ts for - give ; Pure in heart I still would be — Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.
will subdued, Rich in faith I still would be — Let my Sav - iour dwell in me.

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TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."

MISS KATE HANKEY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Tell me the Old, Old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That

Je - sus and 'His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry
 won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin Tell me the sto - ry

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has

CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
 passed a - way at noon.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY. Concluded.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 48.

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

REV. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
 4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
 5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

FINE.
 I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, — "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be, — Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.
 I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
 I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

D. S. Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

CHORUS.
 I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D. S.

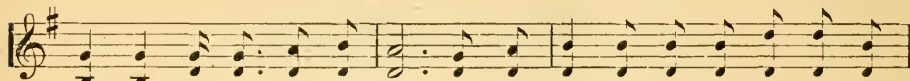
No. 49. ARE YOU READY FOR THE JUDGMENT DAY?

W. L. T.

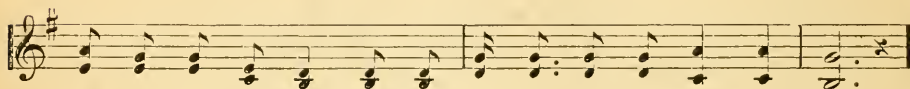
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a



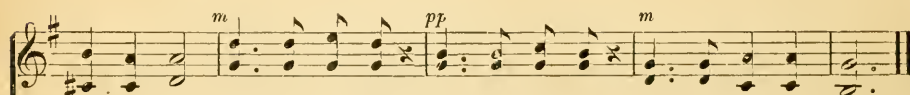
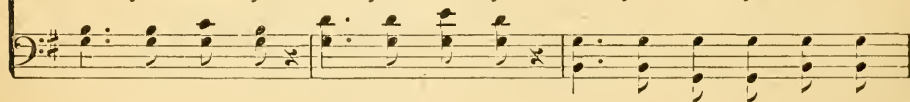
great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But the brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "de-



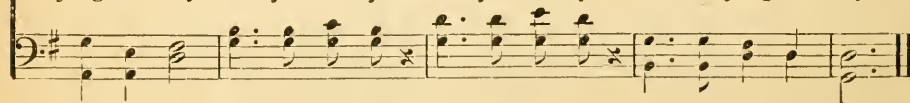
part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not;" "Are you read-y for that day to come?"



Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



judgment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y For the judgment day?



By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

DUET.



1. We speak of the land of the blest, A
2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The
4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From
5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, For



coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its
walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and
robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the
sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care, From tri - als with -
heav - en our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we



glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there?
pleas - ures un - told, But what must it be to be there?
bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there?
out and with - in, But what must it be to be there?
al - so shall know, And *feel* what it is to be there!

REFRAIN.



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?



To be there, to be there, to be there?



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?



To be there, to be there, to be there?

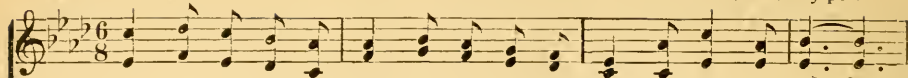
No. 51.

JESUS CALLS THEE.

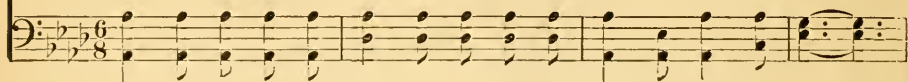
"I the Lord have called thee."

MRS. S. A. COLLINS.

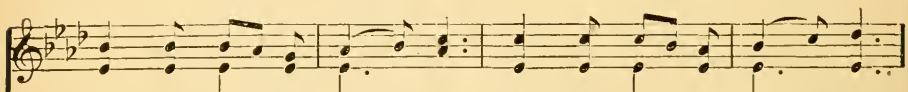
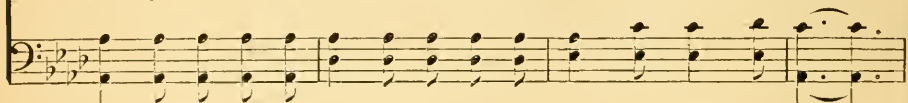
W. H. DOANE. By per.



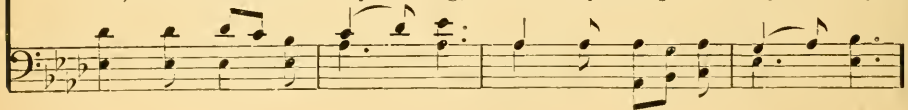
1. Je - sus, gracious One, call - eth now to thee, "Come, O sin - ner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading pa - tient - ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Wea - ry, sin-sick soul, called so gracious - ly, Canst thou dare re - fuse?



Calls so ten - der - ly, calls so lov - ing - ly, "Now, O sin - ner, come."
 "Heav - y la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."
 Mer - cy of - fer - ed thee, free - ly, ten - der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse?



Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;
 Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
 Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing



REFRAIN.



Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;



JESUS CALLS THEE. Concluded.

Call - ing ten - der - ly, call - ing lov - ing - ly, "Come, O sin - ner, come."

No. 52. HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng.
3. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour mine! What will Thy presence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee, Than a - ny love - ly song.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) Of love so full and free.
The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) His blood now cleanseth me.

No. 53.

PASS ME NOT.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

FANNY J. CROSEY, 1868.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wound - ed, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee, Whom in heav'n but Thee.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry, While on

oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

"Underneath the everlasting arms."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D.C. CHORUS.

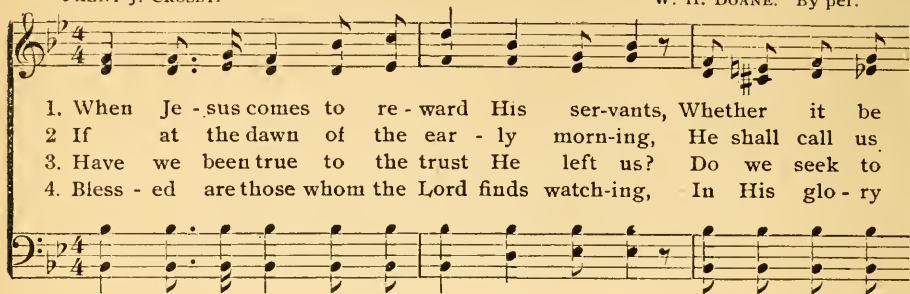
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

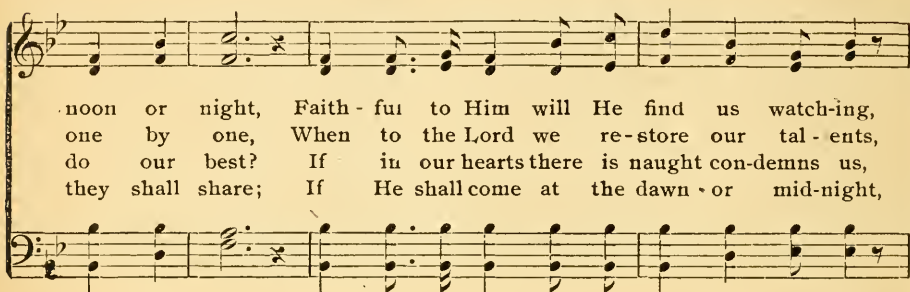
' Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.'

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

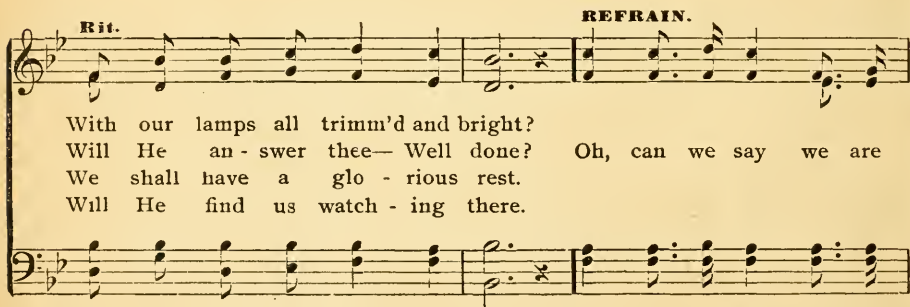


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser - vants, Whether it be
 2 If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry

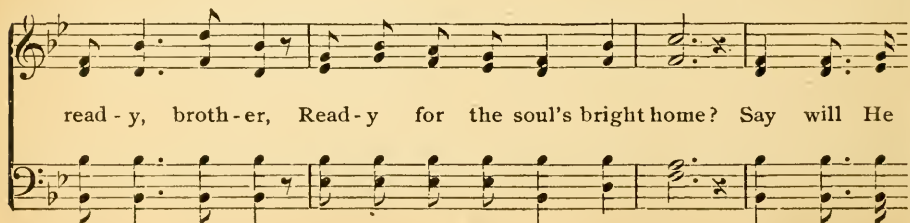


noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn - or mid - night,

Rit. **REFRAIN.**



With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee— Well done? Oh, can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there.



read - y, broth - er, Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING? Concluded.

find you and me still watching, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

No. 56.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.

SILAS J. VAIL. By per.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir-it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life; O'er
 2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves, Of life's fair ripening grain: We
 3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And
 4. Ah, who shall thus the Master meet, And bring but withered leaves? Ah,

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom - i - ses un-kept, And
 sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, *i - dle* words, for earn-est deeds—Then
 as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and misspent day We
 who shall at the Saviour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judgment-seat Lay

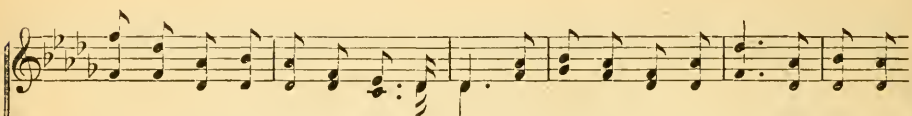
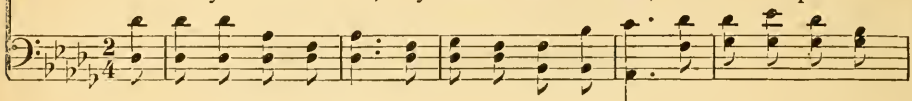
reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 sad - ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 down for gold-en sheaves, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

Psalm 45: 10-17.

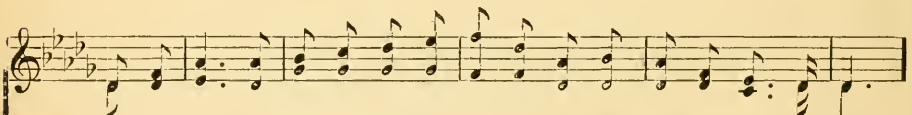
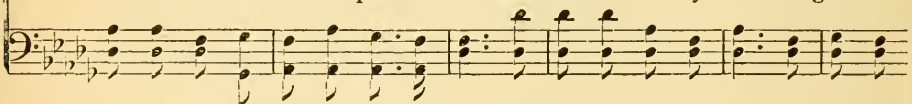
DR. J. B. HERBERT.



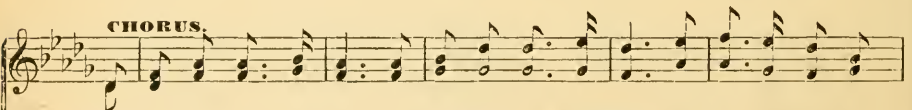
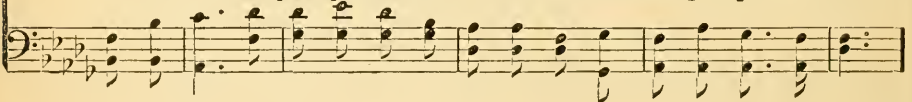
1. O daughter, take good heed, Incline and give good ear; Thou must forget thy
2. The daughter then of Tyre, There with a gift shall be, And all the wealth-y
3. She com-eth to the King In robes with needle wrought; The vir-gins that do
4. And in thy fa-ther's stead, Thy children thou shalt take, And in all plac-es



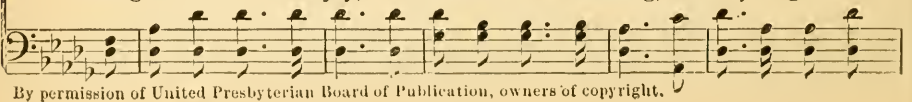
kindred all, And father's house most dear. Thy beauty to the King, Shall then de-
 of the land Shall make their suit to thee. The daughter of the King All glorious
 follow her Shall un-to Thee be brought. With gladness and with joy, Thou all of
 of the earth Them noble princes make. I will show forth thy name To gen-er-



light-ful be: And do thou humbly worship Him, Be-cause thy Lord is He.
 is with-in; And with em-broid-er-ies of gold Her garments wrought have been.
 them shalt bring, And they to-geth-er en-ter shall The pal-ace of the King.
 a-tions all: The peo-ple therefore cv-er-more To Thee give prais-es shall.



With gladness and with joy, Thou all of them shall bring, All they to-geth-er



THE PALACE OF THE KING. Concluded.

en - ter shall The pal-ace of the King, The pal-ace of the King, The

pal-ace of the King; And they to-geth-er en-ter shall, The pal-ace of the King.

Rit.

No. 58.

I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR. By per.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!*

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

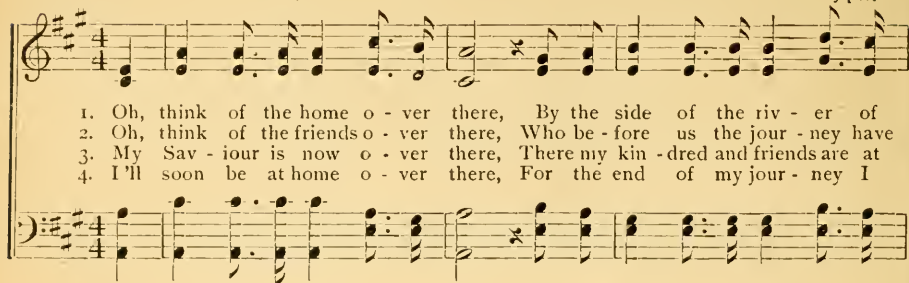
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

Copyright, 1882, by R. E. Hudson, Alliance, O.

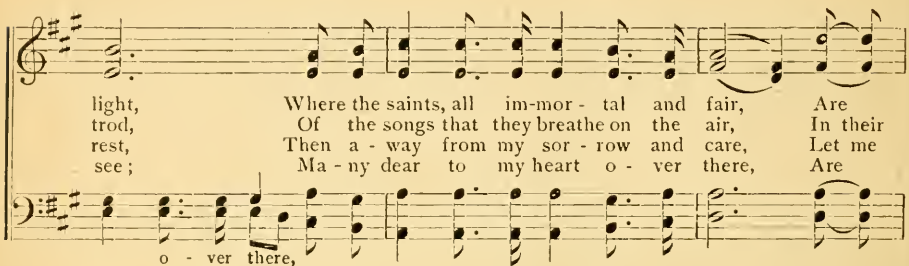
"O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per,



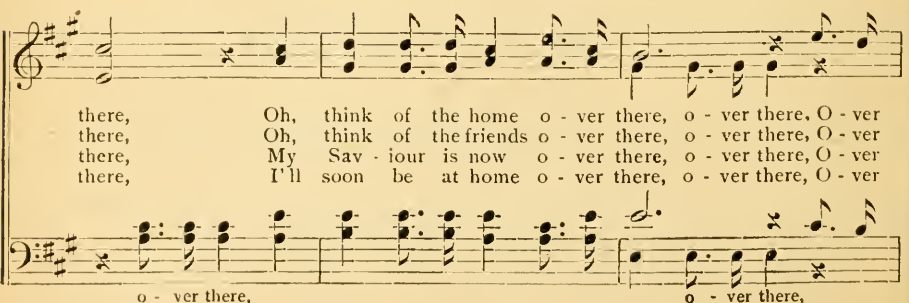
1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have
 3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I



light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest, Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
 see; Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are
 o - ver there,



REFRAIN.
 robed in their gar - ments of white, o - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God, o - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
 fly to the land of the blest, o - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me, o - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
 O - ver there,



there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver
 there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver
 there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver
 o - ver there, o - ver there,

THE HOME OVER THERE. Concluded.

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

o - ver there,

No. 60.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER.

WESTERN MELODY. C. M.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
 3. Ere since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 4. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy power to save,

FINE.

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains,
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a way,
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
 When this poor, lisp - ing, stam - m'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

Lose all their guilt - y stains, . . . Lose all their guilt - y stains,
 Wash all my sins a - way, . . . Wash all my sins a - way,
 And shall be t l I die, . . . And shall be till I die,
 Lies si - lent in the grave, . . . Lies si - lent in the grave,

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His
 2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonder - ful it seems, Than all the golden
 3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'T is pleas - ant to repeat What seems, each time I
 4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and

Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! Be -
 fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry! It
 tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the Sto - ry; For
 thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I

cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As noth - ing else would do.
 did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son, I tell it now to Thee.
 some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - vation From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 sing the New, New Song. 'T will be — the Old, Old, Sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'T will be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Tune, "Onward." 6, 5.

1. On-ward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
 3. Crowns and thorns may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with our your voices

Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we,
 Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er Gainst that Church prevail,
 In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King.

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian
 We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."

ANON.

From "Dew-drops," by per. of T. C. O'KANE.

1 "Go work in My vine-yard," There's plenty to do, The har-vest is great and the
 2 "Go work in My vine-yard," I claim thee as Mine. With blood did I buy thee, and

la-b'ers are few; There's weeding and fenc-ing, and clear-ing of roots, And
 D.S. *I've sheep to be tend-ed, and lambs to be fed, The*
 all that is thine; Thy time and thy tal-ents, thy loft-i-est powers, Thy
 D.S. *In pain and temp-ta-tion, in an-guish and shame, I*

plough-ing and sow-ing, and gath'ring the fruits. There are fox-es to take, there are
lost must be gath-ered, the wea-ry ones led. (Go to Chorus.)
 warm-est af-fec-tions, thy sun-ni-est hours. I wil-ling-ly yield-ed My
paid thy full ran-som; My pur-chase I claim. (Go to Chorus.)

D.S.
 CHORUS.
 wolves to de-stroy, All a-ges and ranks I can ful-ly em-ploy. Go
 king-dom for thee, The song of arch-an-gels—to hang on the tree;

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD. Concluded.

work, go work,

work in My vineyard, go work in My vine-yard, go work in My vineyard; There's

Go work, . . . go work,

plen-ty to do, Go work, work, work, work, The harvest is great and the lab'ers are few.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score concludes with a double bar line.

3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 't is day,"
 The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
 And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
 Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
 Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
 Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
 And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
 Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

No. 64.

I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune: I DO BELIEVE. C.M.

1. Fa-ther! I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy power;
 4. Au-thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes;
 CHO. I do be-lieve I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me,

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score concludes with a double bar line.

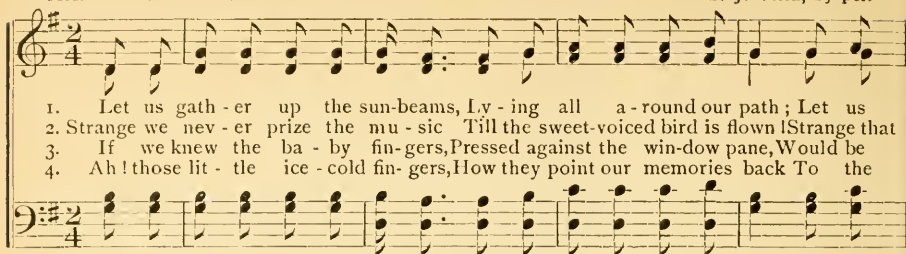
If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
 What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
 And all my wants thou wouldst re-lieve, In this ac-cept-ed hour.
 Oh let me now re-ceive that gift! My soul with-out it dies.
 And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

Detailed description: This is a continuation of the musical score for the hymn 'I Stretch My Hands to Thee'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score concludes with a double bar line.

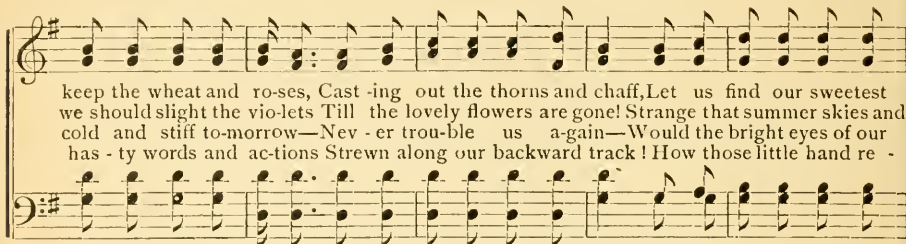
Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."

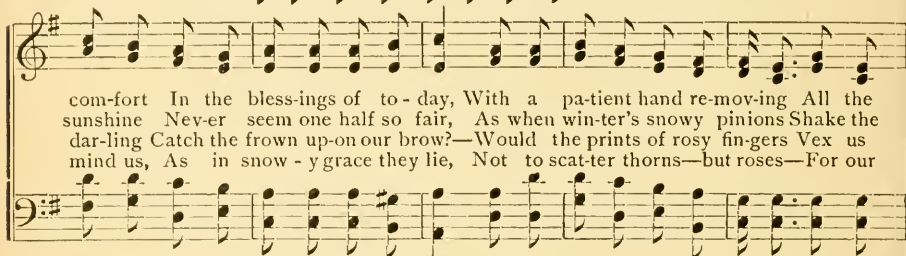
S. J. VAIL, by per.



1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams, Liv - ing all a - round our path; Let us
 2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that
 3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers, Pressed against the win - dow pane, Would be
 4. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fin - gers, How they point our memories back To the

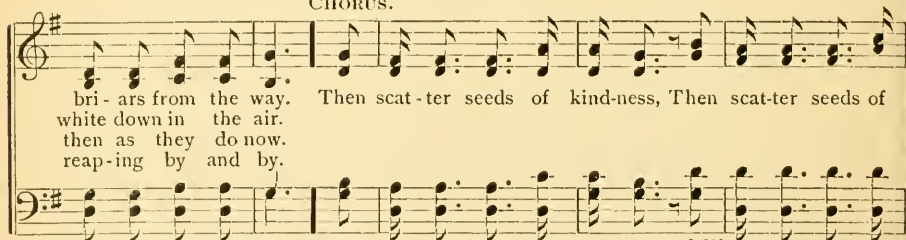


keep the wheat and ro-ses, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweetest
 we should slight the vio-lets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies and
 cold and stiff to-morrow—Nev - er trou-ble us a-gain—Would the bright eyes of our
 has - ty words and ac-tions Strewn along our backward track! How those little hand re -

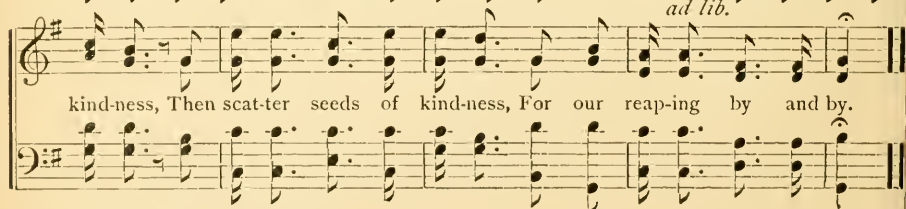


com-fort In the bless-ings of to - day, With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the
 sunshine Nev-er seem one half so fair, As when win-ter's snowy pinions Shake the
 dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?—Would the prints of rosy fin-gers Vex us
 mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to scat-ter thorns—but roses—For our

CHORUS.



br - ars from the way. Then scat - ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of
 white down in the air.
 then as they do now.
 reap-ing by and by.



kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

By permission of Biglow & Main Co.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with

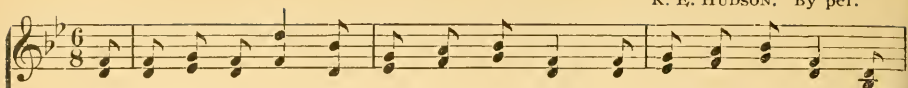
ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st

CHORUS.

foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than
 know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

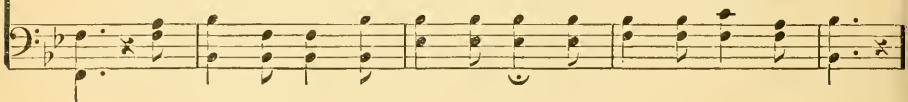
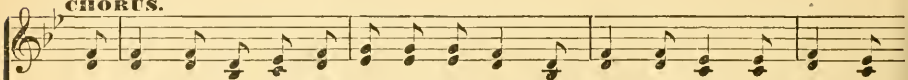
R. E. HUDSON. By per.



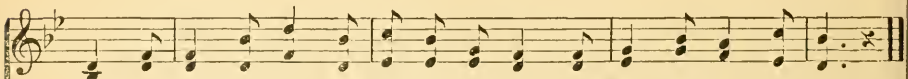
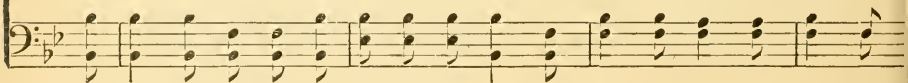
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "re-store me a - gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val - ley of death, Yet why should I fear from



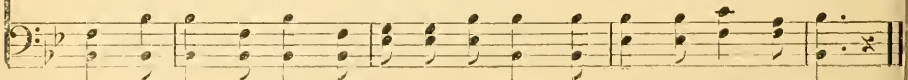
lie In pastures green, He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 take The nar - row path of righteousness, Ev'n for His own name's sake."
 ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

**CHORUS.**

His yoke is ea - sy, His bur - den is light, I've found it so, I've found it



so, He lead - eth me by day and by night, Where liv - ing wa - ters flow.



R. E. HUDSON, By per.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 4. I nev - er shall for - get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

The glo - ries of my God and King, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ear, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 His blood can make the foul - est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

CHORUS.

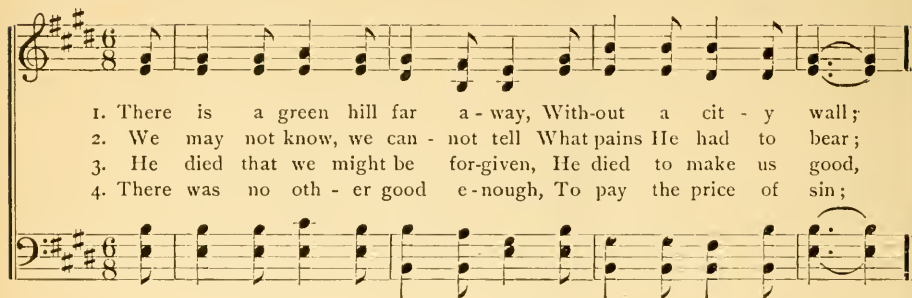
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

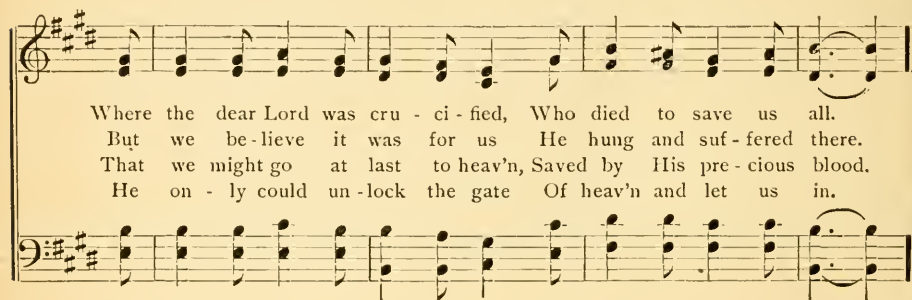
"And they took Jesus and led him away."

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

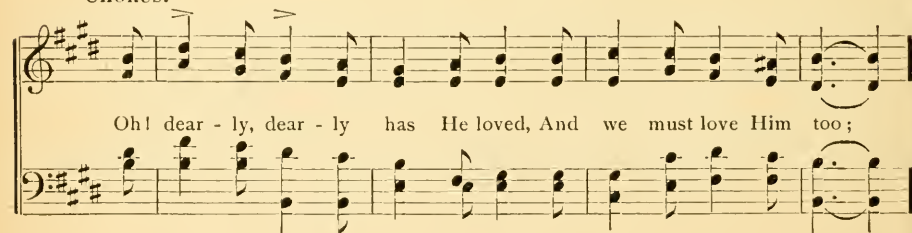


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall;
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be for - given, He died to make us good,
 4. There was no oth - er good e - nough, To pay the price of sin;

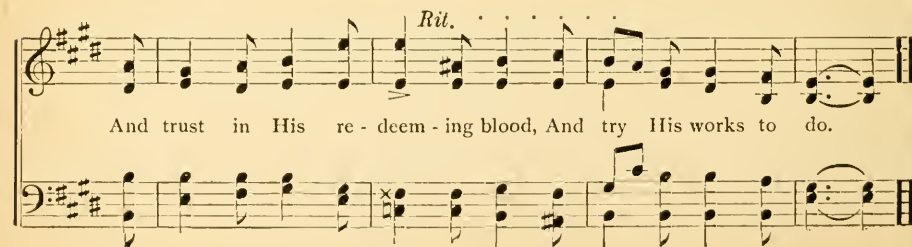


Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

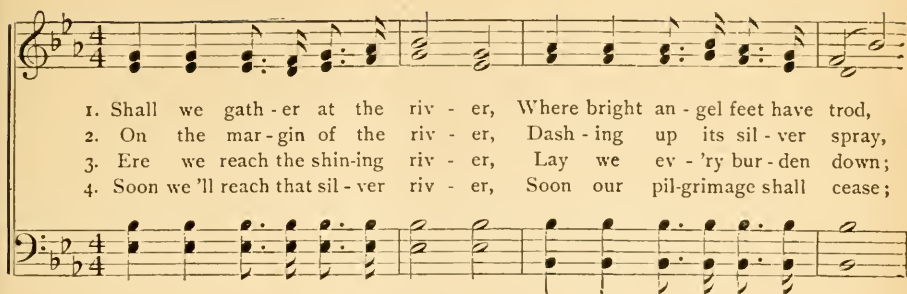


Oh! dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

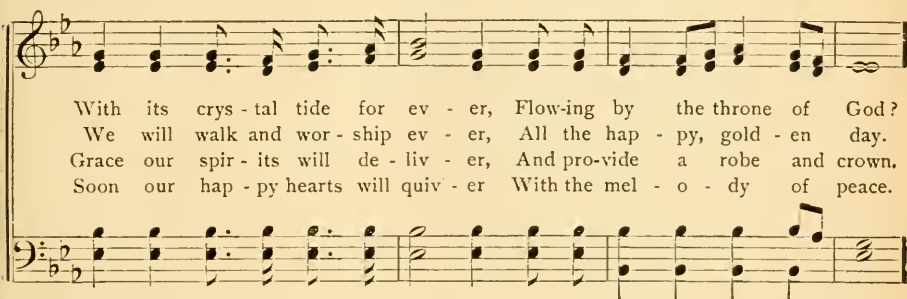


And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Dash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
 3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach that sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grimage shall cease;

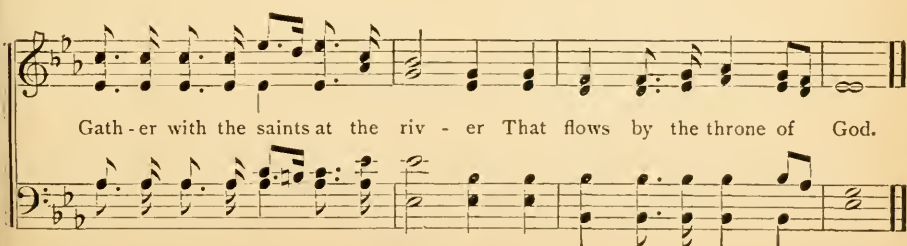


With its crys - tal tide for ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—

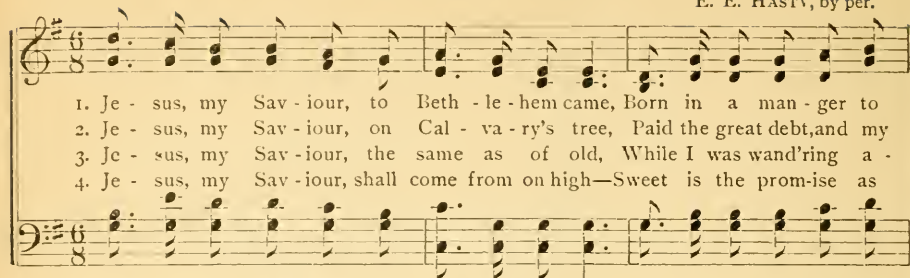


Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

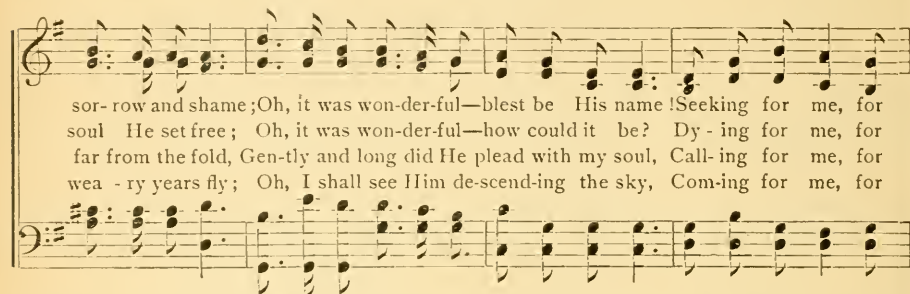
SEEKING FOR ME.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."

E. E. HASTY, by per.



1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a -
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom - ise as

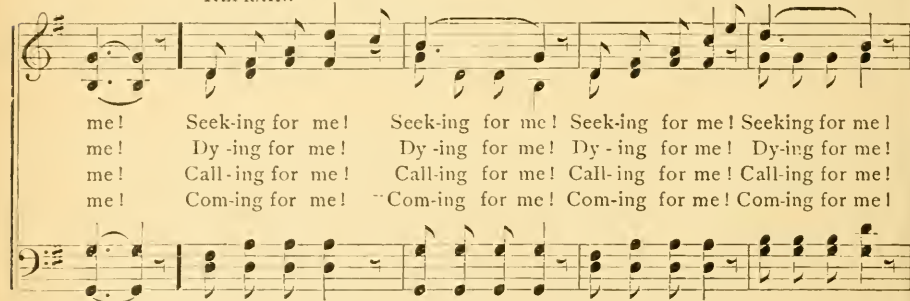


sor - row and shame; Oh, it was won - der - ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
 soul He set free; Oh, it was won - der - ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for
 far from the fold, Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for
 wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for

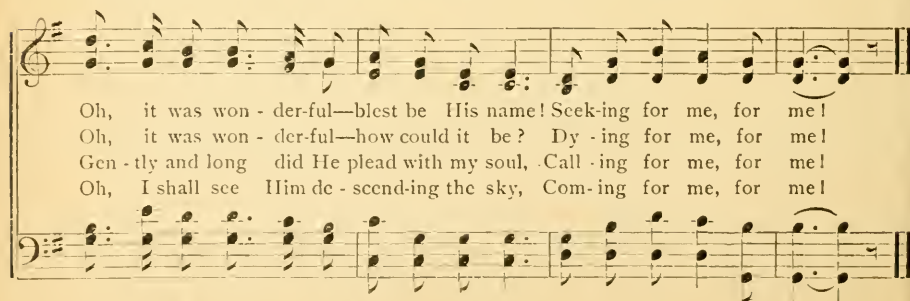
REFRAIN.

For me!

For me!



me! Seek - ing for me! Seek - ing for me! Seek - ing for me! Seeking for me!
 me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me!
 me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me!
 me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me!



Oh, it was won - der - ful—blest be His name! Seek - ing for me, for me!
 Oh, it was won - der - ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!
 Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me!
 Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me!

F. J. CROSBY.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. "Near-er the cross my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er; Near-er the
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer - cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er; Feast-ing my
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as - pires I am com - ing near - er; Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
 soul on man - na sweet I am com - ing near - er; Stronger in faith, more
 love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's crim-son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's
 clear I see Je - sus who gave him - self for me; Near - er to Him I
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound - cd side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
 still would be: Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
 soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

No. 73.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

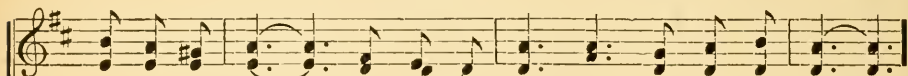
"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

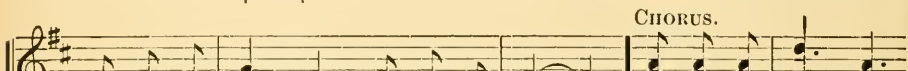


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am




glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove,
 hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

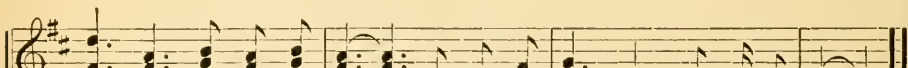
CHORUS.



Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry,
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 Fill'd with His good - ness, lost in His love.



this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long. This is my



sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul When life's storm-y bil - lows
 3. Sav - iour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly
 way; I am safe when by Thy side,
 roll, I am safe when Thou art nigh,
 past, To the land of end - less day,
 lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,

I would in Thy love a - bide. Lead me, lead me,
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
 Where all tears are wiped a - way.

I would in Thy love a - bide,
 Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; (lest I stray,) Gen - tly down the stream of
rit e dim.
 time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav - iour, all the way, (all the way,)

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."

Rev. THOMAS KELLY.

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the "Man of sor - rows" now,
 2. Crown the Sav - iour! An - gels crown Him, Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings,
 3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crown'd Him, Mock - ing thus the Sav - iour's claim,
 4. Hark! the bursts of ac - clam - a - tion! Hark! these loud tri - umph - ant chords,

From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
 In the seat of pow'r en - throne Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af - fords.

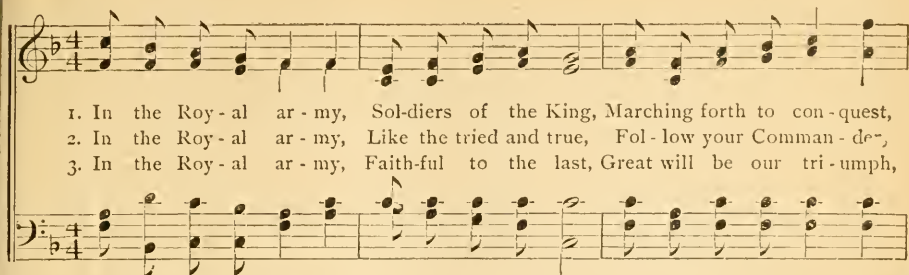
REFRAIN.

Crown Him! crown Him, an - gels crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour "King of kings."

Crown Him! crown Him, an - gels crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour "King of kings."

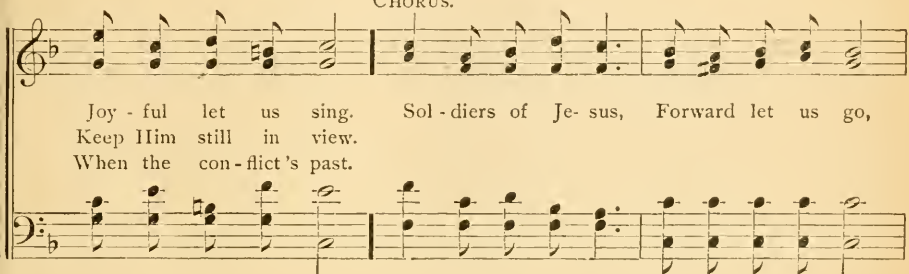
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

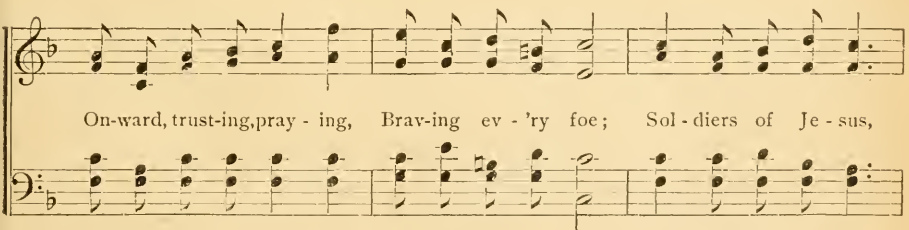


1. In the Roy - al ar - my, Sol - diers of the King, Marching forth to con - quest,
 2. In the Roy - al ar - my, Like the tried and true, Fol - low your Comman - de - ,
 3. In the Roy - al ar - my, Faith - ful to the last, Great will be our tri - umph,

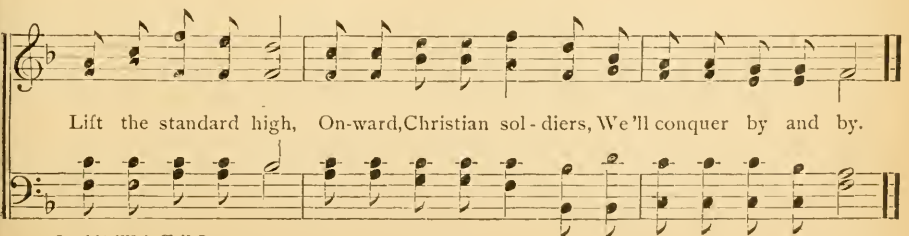
CHORUS.



Joy - ful let us sing. Sol - diers of Je - sus, Forward let us go,
 Keep Him still in view.
 When the con - flict's past.



On - ward, trust - ing, pray - ing, Brav - ing ev - 'ry foe; Sol - diers of Je - sus,



Lift the standard high, On - ward, Christian sol - diers, We'll conquer by and by.

"Mine are thine, and thine are mine."

A. J. GORDON, by per.

1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

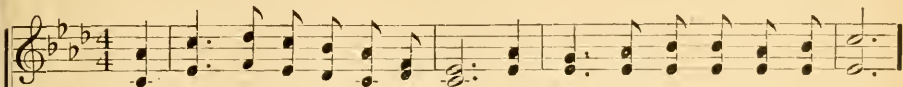
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow,
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.

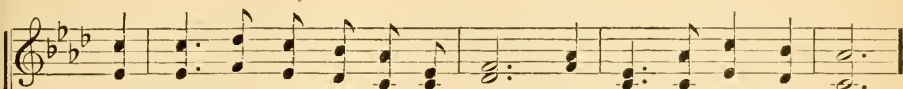
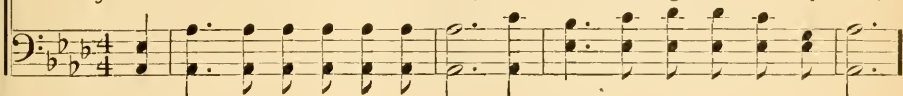
"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

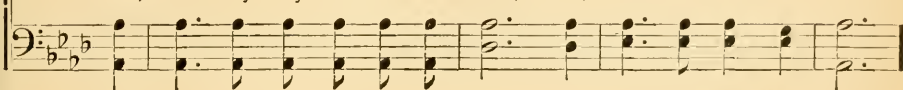
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



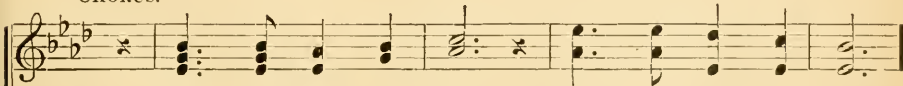
1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help - less I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;
3. I bow be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat, Be - hold me, Sav - iour, at Thy feet;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new;
5. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won;



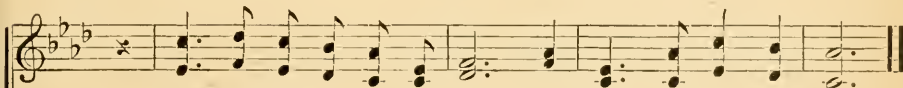
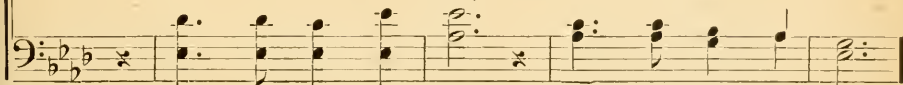
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
 Thy work be - gin, Thy work com - plete, And take me as I am.
 And work both in, and by me to, And take me as I am.
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am.



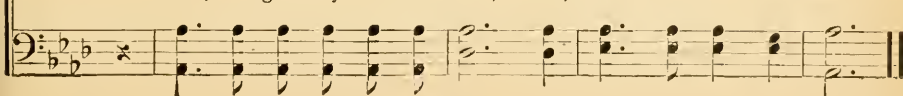
CHORUS.



Take me as I am, Take me as I am:



Lord, I give my - self to Thee, Oh, take me as I am.



No. 79.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, There's a mighty shout of rapture; Far be-
 2. There is joy a-mong the an-gels By the shin-ing, crys-tal riv-er, For a
 3. There is ho-ly joy in heav-en High-er, pur-er than the angels'; 'T is the

yond the pear-ly gates the news has come Of a sin-ner now re-
 wand'ring one is safe with-in the fold; For the Shep-herd sought and
 Fa-ther's heart re-joic-ing in its love; 'Tis the Sav-iour-Shep-herd

pent-ing, To the gos-pel-word con-sent-ing,—Of a
 found him, And the arms of love are round him; Hear the
 sing-ing O'er the lost one He is bring-ing, Bring-ing

CHORUS.

con-trite soul that seeks its bet-ter home.
 mu-sic grand-ly ring from harps of gold. Joy, joy, joy, joy in heav'n,
 to the-ev-er-last-ing home a-bove.

JOY IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

Soles are seek - ing now the liv - ing way; There is joy, joy, joy,

joy a-mong the an - gels; Join their hal - le - lu - jah songs to-day. (to-day.)

No. 80. THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

Ps. 136: 1-25.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE. By per.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal-ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

No. 81.

HE SAVED ME.

"He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto Him."

Copyright, by PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1885.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And his
2. I was long in that sad night of dark - ness, Not a

face was not smil - ing on me; I won - dered if
bright ray of light could I see; This thought filled my

Christ, the Re-deem - er, Would save a poor sin - ner like me.
poor heart with sad - ness, No hope for a sin - ner like me.

REFRAIN.

Would save a poor sin - ner like me, Would save a poor
like me,

sin - ner like me, I won - dered if Christ, the Re-
like me,

HE SAVED ME. Concluded.

deem - er, Would save a poor sin - ner like me.

3 But there in that dark lonely hour,
Came a voice sweetly whispering to me,
Saying Christ, the Redeemer, hath power
||: To save a poor sinner like me.:||

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart it was filled with His praises,
||: For saving a sinner like me.:||

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour,
Then speaking so kindly to me;
And now unto others I'm telling,
||: How He saved a poor sinner like me.:||

6 And when this life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see;
I'll praise Him forever and ever,
||: For saving a sinner like me.:||

No. 82.

CHEER THEE, SAD SOUL.

"Be of good cheer."

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. God is near thee, therefore cheer thee, Sad soul!... He'll de -
2. Calm thy sad - ness, look in glad - ness On high!... Faint and

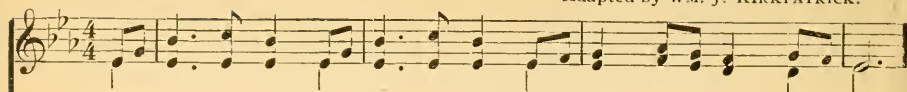
fend thee when a - round thee Bil-lows roll, When a-round thee bil - lows roll.
wea - ry, pil-grim, cheer thee, Help is nigh! Pilgrim, cheer thee, help is nigh!

3 Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
Through the skies!
God defends him, God attends him
When he cries!
God attends him when he cries.

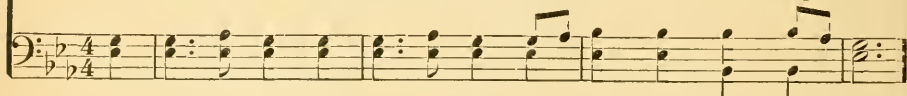
4 God is near thee, therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee, when around thee
Billows roll!
When around thee billows roll.

ISAAC WATTS.

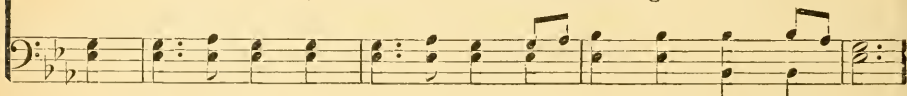
Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



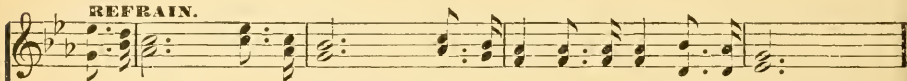
1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields beyond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,



In - fin - ite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
 Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heav - 'nly land from ours.
 So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
 Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.



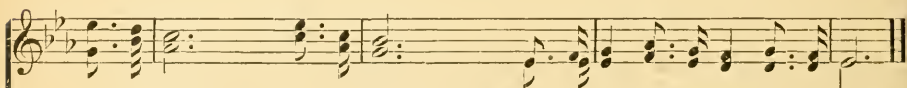
REFRAIN.



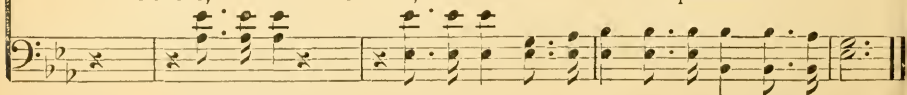
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there,



I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there.



I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.



I'll be there, I'll be there,

Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 84.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. By per.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed" Christ to re-ceive;

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit, go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away;
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are ling'ring near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
 O wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last;
 Almost cannot avail,
 Almost is but to fail;
 Sad, sad that better wail—
 Almost—but lost.

No. 85.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

MISS EMMA CAMPBELL.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. { What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along; [throng reply,
 { These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray? In accents hush'd, the

"Je-sus of Na-zareth passeth by!" In accents hush'd the throng reply, "Jesus of Na-zareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
 The city move so mightily?
 A passing stranger, has he skill
 To move the multitude at will?
 ¶: Again the stirring tones reply,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." ¶:

3 Jesus! 't is He who once below
 Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe;
 And burdened ones, where'er He came,
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame;
 ¶: The blind rejoice to hear the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." ¶:

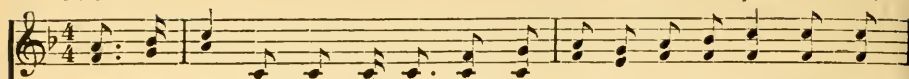
4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come;
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
 Return, accept His proffered grace.
 ¶: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." ¶:

5 But if you still this call refuse,
 And all His wondrous love abuse,
 Soon will He sadly from you turn,
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
 ¶: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." ¶:

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—Dan. 5 : 5.

K. SHAW.

KNOWLES SHAW, Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

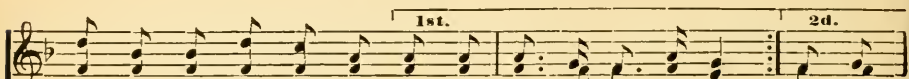


1. { At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thousand of his lords, While they
In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall, They were

2. { See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel as he stood be-fore the throng, And re-
As he read out the writ-ing—'twas the doom of one and all, For the

3. { See the faith, zeal and cour-age, that would dare to do the right, Which the
In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, He

4. { So our deeds are re-cord-ed—there's a Hand that's writing now, Sin-ner,
For the day is ap-proach-ing— it must come to one and all—When the



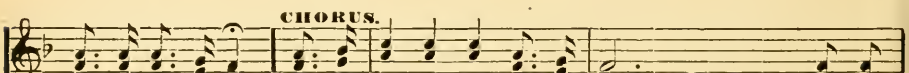
1st. 2d.

1. { drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords;
seized with con-ster-na-tion—[Omit 'twas the

2. { buked the haugh-ty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
king-dom now was fin-ished—[Omit said the

3. { spir-it gave to Dan-iel this the se-cret of his might;
un-der-stood the writ-ing [Omit of his

4. { give your heart to Je-sus, to his roy-al man-date bow;
sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion [Omit will be



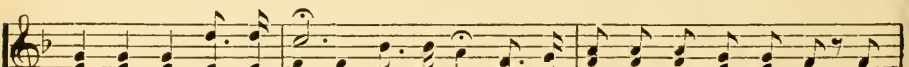
CHORUS.

1. hand up-on the wall. 'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the

2. hand up-on the wall,

3. God up-on the wall.

4. writ-ten on the wall. 'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall, 'Tis the



hand of God on the wall, "Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or
hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall;

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.

shall it be, "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall,
writ-ing on the wall.

No. 87.

NEARER TO ME.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

WILLIAM A. GALPIN, by per.

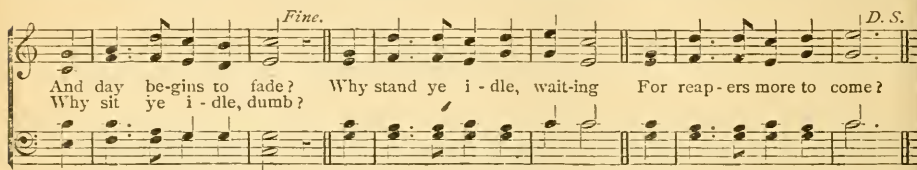
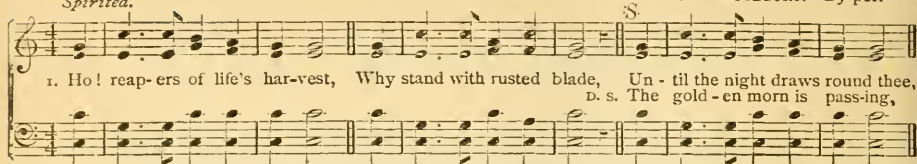
1. Draw near, O Christ! to me, Near - er to me, Un-worth-y and un-
2. Draw near, O Christ! to me, Near - er to me, My soul with strong de-
3. Draw near, O Christ! to me, Near - er to me, Let all thy wealth of

clean Though I may be; Come with thy quick-'ning grace, Show me thy
sire Burns af - ter thee; Let me thy joys par - take, Come, ere my
love Fall up - on me; Touch ev - 'ry se - cret sin, Wash me and

smil - ing face, Draw near this hal-lowed place, Draw near to me.
spir - it break, For thy sweet mer-cy's sake, Draw near to me.
make me clean, Let noth - ing stand be-tween My heart and thee.

*"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."**Spirited.*

I. B. WOODBURY. By per.



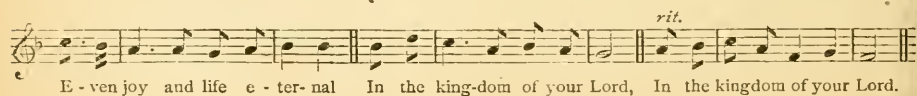
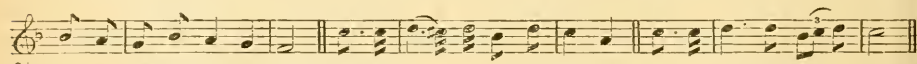
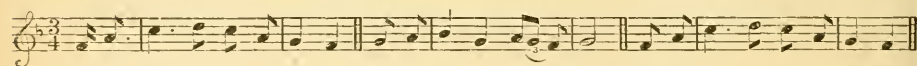
2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

No. 89.

CHRISTIAN'S MISSION.

T. C. O'KANE.



2 Brother, you may pray to Jesus
In your closet and at home;
In the village, in the city,
Or wherever you may roam.
Pray that God may send the Spirit
Into some dear sinner's heart,
And that in his soul's salvation
||: You may bear some humble part. :||

3 Sister, you may "sing for Jesus,"
O, how precious is His love!
Praise Him for His boundless blessings
Ever coming from above.

Sing how Jesus died to save you,
How your sins and guilt He bore;
How His blood hath sealed your pardon;
||: "Sing for Jesus" evermore. :||

4 Brother, you may live for Jesus,
Him who died that you may live;
O, then all your ransomed powers
Cheerful to His service give.
Thus for Jesus you may labor,
And for Jesus sing and pray;
Consecrate your life to Jesus;
||: Love and serve Him every day. :||

No. 90.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES!

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

KNOWLES SHAW.

Arr. from G. A. MINER.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kindness, Sow - ing in the noon - tide

and the dew - y eyes; Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,

REFRAIN.
We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves! Bringing in the sheaves! bringing

in the sheaves! We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves! bringing in the sheaves!

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze:
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves:
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

"The Lord watch between us."

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his counsels guide, up-hold you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.
Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, Till we meet;

Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain.

Copyright, 1886, by J. E. Rankin.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;

Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

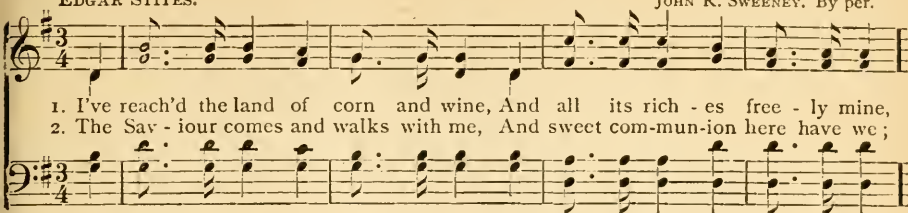
REV. J. E. RANKIN.

BEULAH LAND.

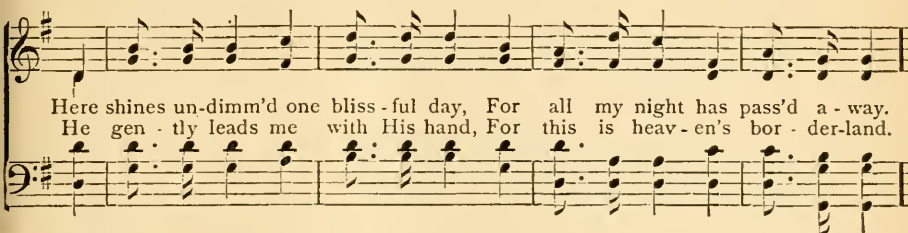
"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

EDGAR STITES.

JOHN R. SWEENEY. By per.

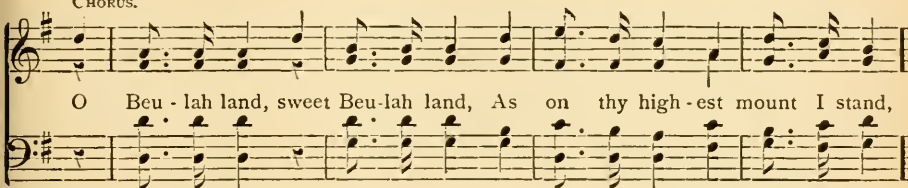


1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine,
2. The Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;

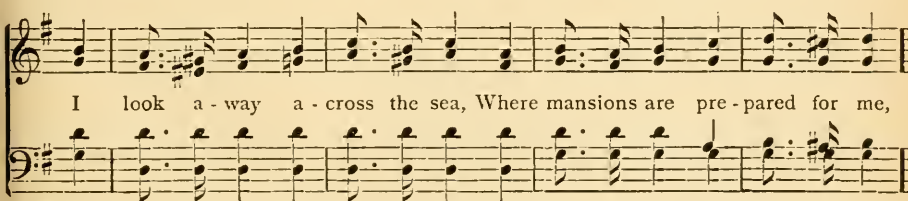


Here shines un-dimm'd one bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
He gen-tly leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.

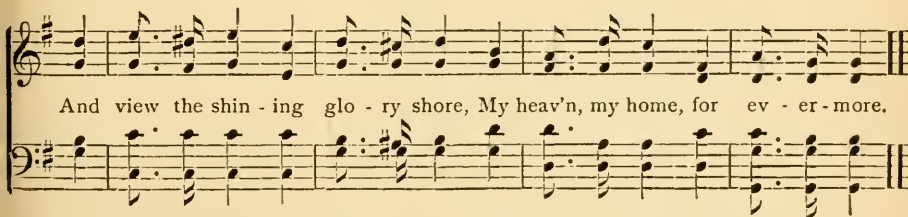
CHORUS.



O Beau-lah land, sweet Beau-lah land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,



I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,



And view the shin-ing glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home, for ev-er-more.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees;
And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.—*Cho.*

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heav'n's melody,
As angels, with the white-rob'd throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.—*Cho.*

1. In the early spring-time, When your leaves are fair, Little buds of promise, Little blossoms rare ;
2. All the lit-tle chil-dren Gladly will we bring To the arms of Jesus, Heav'n's exalt-ed King ;

Hear the words of Je-sus, Precious will they be, Bring the lit-tle chil-dren, Let them come to Me.
For the in - vi - ta - tion, Gracious, full, and free, Says to *all* the children, Let them come to Me.

CHORUS.

Let them come to Me, Let them come to Me, Bring the little children, Let them come to Me.

3 Let them come in welcome
To My bleeding side,
To secure their pardon
I was crucified :
They may be forgiven,
From the law set free,
I, the Lord, have risen,
Let them come to Me.—*Cho.*

4 Jesus, we are coming
To Thy loving arms,
Safely there reposing,
Sin no longer harms.
From the wiles of Satan
Thou canst set us free,
Though we're little children,
We will come to Thee.—*Cho.*

"Something for each to do."

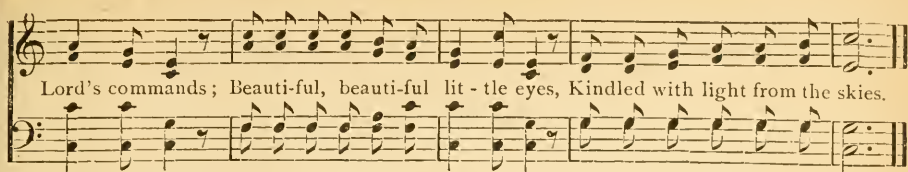
BISHOP W. JOHNS.

1. Beau-ti-ful the little hands, That ful-fill the Lord's commands ; Beau-ti-ful the little eyes,

CHORUS,
Kindled with light from the skies. Beautiful, beautiful, lit-tle hands, That ful-fill the

From "Gospel Bells," By permission of H. A. Sumner & Co., Chicago.

BEAUTIFUL, THE LITTLE HANDS. Concluded.



2 All the little hands were made
Jesus' precious cause to aid;
All the little hearts to beat
Warm in his service so sweet.
CHO.—Beautiful, &c.

3 All the little lips should pray
To the Saviour, every day;

All the little feet should go
Swift on his errands below,
CHO.—Beautiful, &c.

3 What your little hands can do,
That the Lord intends for you;
Make that thing your first delight,
Do it to him with your might.
CHO.—Beautiful, &c.

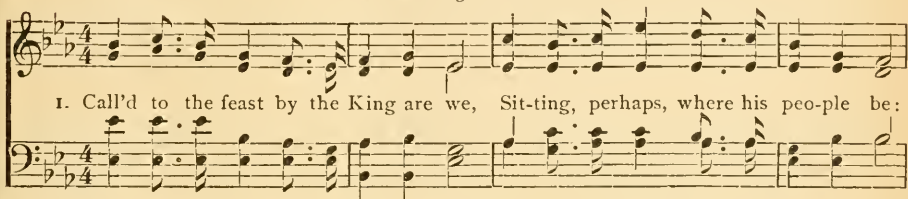
T. CORBEN.

No. 95.

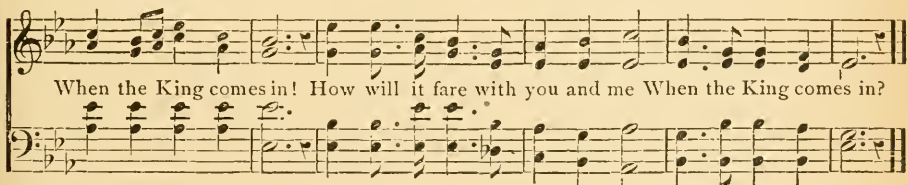
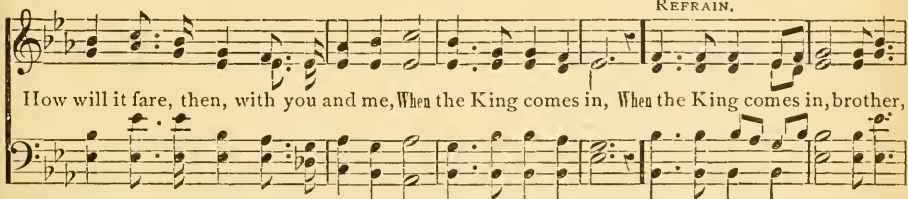
WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

"The Wedding Garment,"

E. S. LORENZ.



REFRAIN.



From "Songs of Grace," by per.

2 Crowns on the head where the thorns have
Glorified he who once died for men; [been,
Splendid the vision before us then,
When the King comes in.—REF.

3 Like lightning's flash will that instant show
Things hidden long from both friend and foe,

Just what we are, every one will know,
When the King comes in.—REF.

4 Joyful his eyes on each one shall rest
Who is in white wedding garments dressed—
Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
When the King comes in.—REF.

J. E. LANDOR,

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling, gloom, Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me

on.... Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....

The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. A-men.

2.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

3.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile. Amen.

John H. Newman.

No. 97. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."

Copyright, 1876.

Words and Music by Rev. ROBERT LOWRV.

REFRAIN.

1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. } Oh, pre-cious

is the flow That makes me white as snow; No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 2 For my cleansing this I see—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 For my pardon this my plea—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Ref.*
- 3 Nothing can for sin atone—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Ref.*
- 4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

- This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Ref.*
- 5 Now by this I'll overcome—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Now by this I'll reach my home—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Ref.*
 - 6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 All my praise for this I bring—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Ref.*

No. 98.

THIS I DID FOR THEE.

"He was bruised for our iniquities."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed, That thou might'st

ran - som'd be, And quicken'd, quicken'd from the dead. I give my life for thee, for

ritard.
 thee; What hast thou giv'n for Me, for Me? What hast thou done for Me, for Me?

- 2 I spent long years for thee,
 In weariness and woe,
 That one eternity
 Of joy thou mightest know.
 I spent long years for thee, for thee;
 I: Hast thou spent *one* for Me, for Me? :
- 3 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My house above,
 Salvation full and free,

- My pardon and My love.
 Great gifts I brought to thee, to thee;
 I: What hast thou *brought* to Me, to Me? :
- 4 Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for Me be spent,
 World fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent.
 Give thou *thyself* to Me, to Me,
 I: And I will welcome thee, *yes*, thee! :

No. 99. I AM SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATE.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."

REV. JOHN PARKER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I am
2. O, the bless - ed Lord of light, I have loved Him with my might: Now His

watching, and I'm long - ing while I wait; Soon on wings of love to fly To my
arms en - fold and com - fort while I wait; I am lean - ing on His breast, O, the

home be - yond the sky, To my wel - come, as I'm sweep - ing through the gate.
sweet - ness of His rest, And I'm think - ing of my sweep - ing through the gate.

p REFRAIN.

In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd of ev - 'ry stain I am; Robed in

f

white - ness, clad in bright - ness, I am sweep - ing through the gate. *Repeat pp*

3 I am sweeping through the gate
Where the bless'd for me wait,
Where the weary workers rest for evermore;
Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won:
Oh, I'm thinking of the city while I soar,

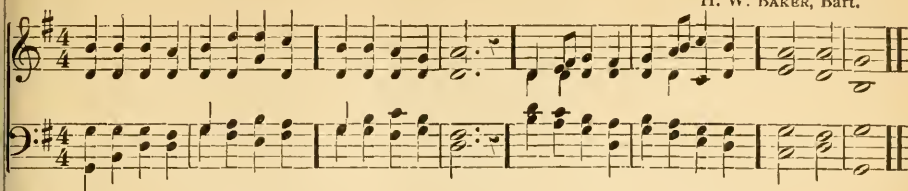
4 Burst are all my prison bars;
And I soar beyond the stars,
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.
Lo! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes!
Robed in whiteness, I am sweeping thro' the gate.

No. 100.

ART THOU WEARY? 8,5,8,3.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest."

H. W. BAKER, Bart.



- 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
- 3 Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

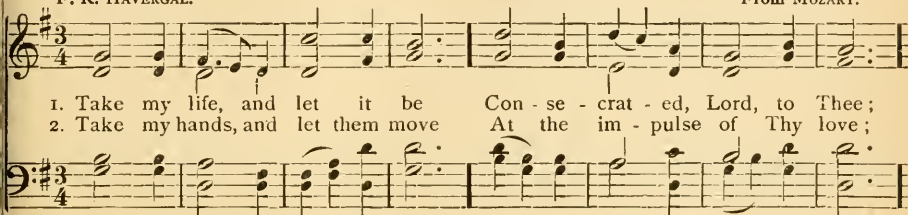
No. 101.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

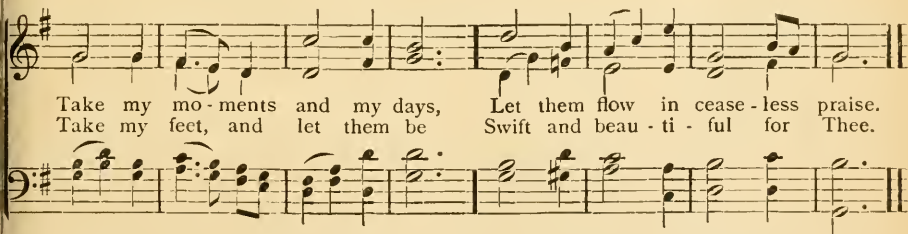
F. R. HAVERGAL.

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself."

From MOZART.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;



- Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
- Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.

- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose,

- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart; it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, ALL for Thee.

No. 102.

EVENING SHADES. 8s & 7s.

D. A. JONES.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my lone - ly door;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fac - es I shall see no more.

2 O, the lost, the forgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
O, the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked with earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

No. 103. Gentle Promptings.

- 1 Listen to the gentle promptings
Of the Spirit's warning voice,
Can ye heed His solemn warnings?
Can ye slight His wondrous grace?
- 2 Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardons offered without price;
Come, and round the altar kneeling,
O receive the offered grace.
- 3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay with soothing peace;
Press we then to realms of glory,
Run with joy the heavenly race.

No. 104.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

*"But the Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge."*Dr. T. HASTINGS.
Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C. Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
This for sin could ne'er atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.—*Top lady.*

No. 105.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

PHILIP PHILLIPS, from "Singing Pilgrim."

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way
home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the
years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. roll. While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

2 O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
||: Between the fair city and me. :||

3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
||: And nothing that maketh a lie; :||

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
||: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :||

5 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
||: To meet one another again. :||

Gates.

No. 106.

THE GLORY LAND.

S. M.

1 FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above. Steele.

No. 107.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s.

"The chiefest among ten thousands."

JOHN ZUNDEL.

Andante con moto.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-celling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
D. S. Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,

Fine.

D. S.

All Thy faithful mercies crown. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
En - ter every trembling heart.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!

- 3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise,
CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 108.

COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

"Waiting to save."

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy burden of grief; Bu-ry them deep in its wa-ters,
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Je - sus is wait-ing for thee; What tho' thy sins are like crimson,

CHORUS.

There thou wilt find a re - lief. Hasten thee a-way, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a
White as the snow they shall be.

moment's de - lay; Je - sus is wait-ing to save thee, Mer - cy is plead-ing to-day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

- 3 These are the words of the Saviour;
They who repent and believe,
They who are willing to trust Him,
Life at His hand shall receive.
Cho.—Hasten thee away, etc.

- 4 Come and be healed at the fountain,
List to the peace-speaking voice;
Over a sinner returning
Now let the angels rejoice.
Cho.—Hasten thee away, etc.
FANNY J. CROSEY.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

T. C.

T. C. O'KANE.

I. O, sing of Je-sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal-va - ry, And for a

ran - som shed His blood For you, and e - ven me. I'm re - deemed, . . I'm re-
I'm re-deemed,

deemed, . . . Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain, I'm re-
I'm re-deemed, of the Lamb that was slain,

deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, . . . Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb!
I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed,

2 O wondrous power of love divine!
So pure, so full, so free!
It reaches out to all mankind,
Embraces even me.
I'm redeemed, &c.

3 All glory now to Christ the Lord,
And evermore shall be!
He hath redeemed a world of sin,
And ransomed even me.
I'm redeemed, &c.

S. O. MALLEY CLUFF.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray,"

IRA D. SANKEY. By per.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing Sav-iour, tho'

earth-friends be few ; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der-ness o'er me, And

f CHORUS.
O that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too ! For you I am pray - ing, For

p *f* *pp* *rall.*
you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

- 2 I have a Father ; to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true ;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in heaven ;
But O, may He lead you to go with me too !—*Cho.*
- 3 I have a robe ; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view ;
O, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too !—*Cho.*
- 4 I have a peace ; it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew ;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O, could I know it was given to you !—*Cho.*
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too ;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you !—*Cho.*

No. III.

ETERNITY IS DRAWING NIGHT.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Pray, brethren, pray, The sands are fall-ing; Pray, brethren, pray, God's
2. Praise, brethren, praise, The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise, The

voice is call-ing; Yon tur-ret strikes the dy-ing chime, We kneel up-
fight is end-ing; Be-hold! the glo-ry draw-eth near, The King Him-

REFRAIN.
on the edge of time. E-ter-ni-ty is draw-ing night, E-ter-ni-
self will soon ap-pear.

ty, E-ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty is draw-ing night.

3 Watch, brethren, watch,
The day is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch,
The time is flying;
Watch as men watch the starting breath,
Watch as men watch for life and death.

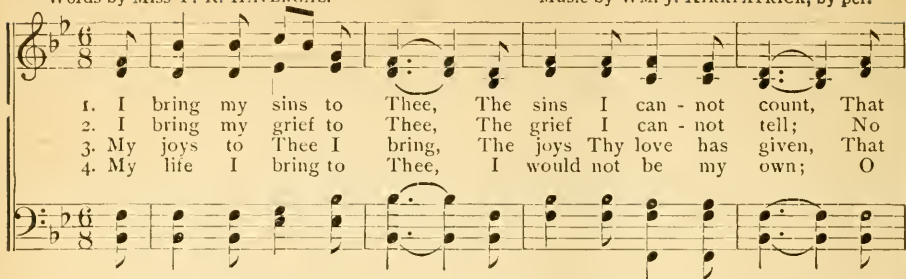
4 Look, brethren, look,
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark,
The dead are waking.
With girded loins all ready stand—
Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

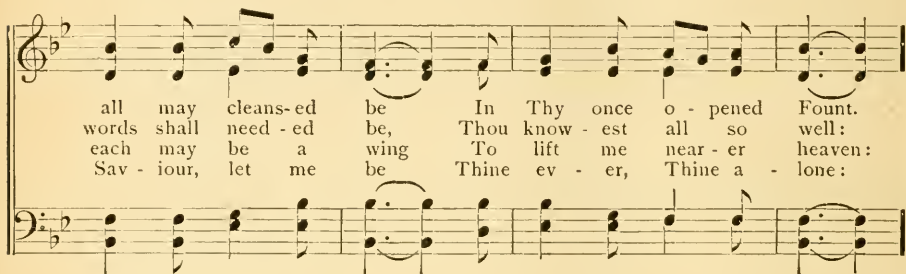
I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

Words by Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

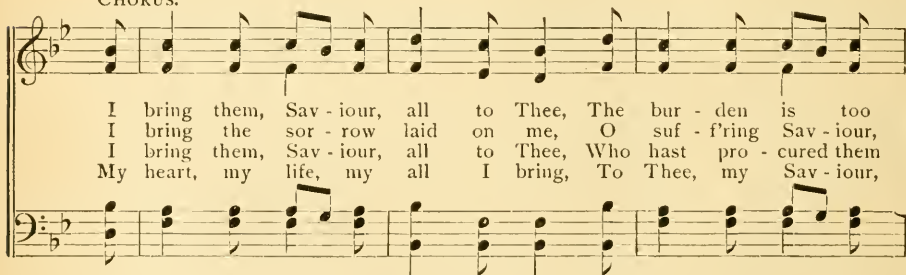


1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That
 2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can - not tell; No
 3. My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has given, That
 4. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O



all may cleans - ed be In Thy once o - pened Fount.
 words shall need - ed be, Thou know - est all so well:
 each may be a wing To lift me near - er heaven:
 Sav - iour, let me be Thine ev - er, Thine a - lone:

CHORUS.



I bring them, Sav - iour, all to Thee, The bur - den too
 I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suf - f'ring Sav - iour,
 I bring them, Sav - iour, all to Thee, Who hast pro - cured them
 My heart, my life, my all I bring, To Thee, my Sav - iour,



great for me, The bur - den is too great for me.
 all to Thee, O suf - f'ring Sav - iour all to Thee.
 all for me, Who hast pro - cured them all for me.
 and my King, To Thee, my Sav - iour and my King.

1. The bur - den is too great for me, too great, too great for me.
2. O suf - f'ring Sav - iour, all to Thee, O Sav - iour, all to Thee.
3. Who hast pro - cured them all for me, Procured them all for me.
4. To Thee, my Sav - iour and my King, My Sav - iour and my King.

SALEM'S MIGHTY KING.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

PRELUDE AND CHORUS.

Strew the way with palm leaves, To the ho - ly cit - y; Chil - dren in the

tem - ple, Make the arch - es ring; Strew the way with palm leaves, Shout a - loud Ho -

san - na, Bow the knee be - fore Him, Sa - lem's mighty King. *Fine. SOLO—Pastorale.*

fect - ing light, Turn'd to wine the wa - ter bright; He who on the storm - y deep
sa - ble bier, Dried the child less wid - ow's tear; He who then but gen - tly spoke,

Hush'd the roll - ing waves to sleep; Cleans'd the lep - er by a word, Heal'd the sick, the
And her son to life a - woke; Why re - buke the joy - ous song, Burst - ing from a

deaf re - stored; He who bless'd the loaves, and fed Hun - gry souls with liv - ing bread.
grate - ful throng? Cease to chide the gath - ring crowd, Or the stones will cry a - loud. *D. C.*

No. 114.

MY CROSS I'VE TAKEN.

HENRY F. LYTE.

"Take up thy cross and follow me."

Spanish.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and follow Thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
d. s. Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,

Fine. *D. S.*

Thou from hence my all shalt be! Perish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
O! while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand will guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 115.

JESUS IS MINE.

H. BONAR.

"My Beloved is mine."

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev-'ry ten-der tie, Je-sus is mine!

Dark is the wild-erness, Earth has no resting-place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!

All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

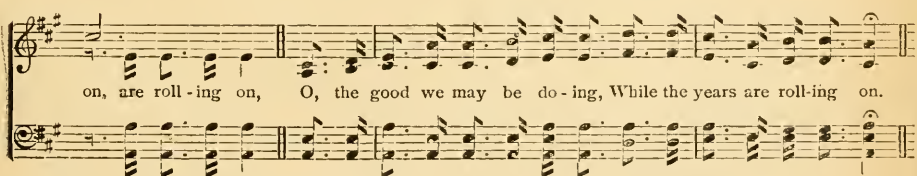
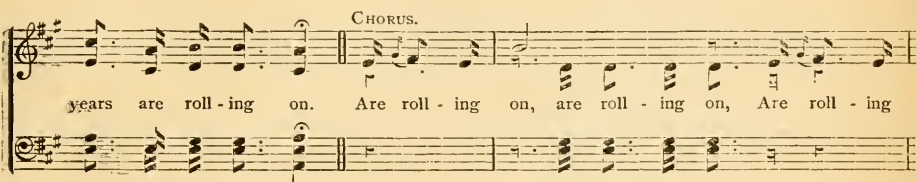
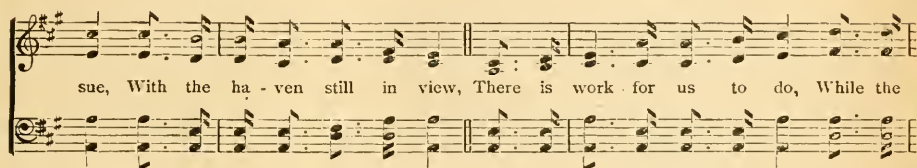
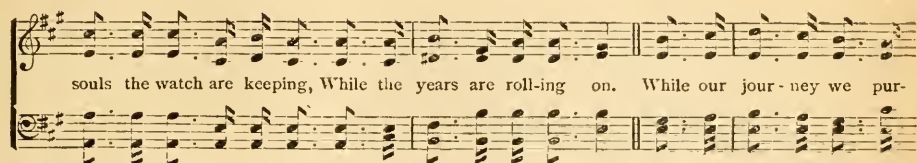
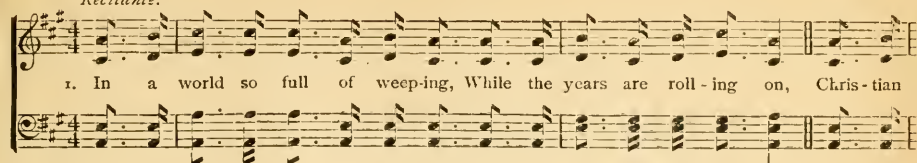
4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

No. 116. WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

Recitante.



- 2 There's no time, to waste in sighing,
While the years are rolling on;
Time is flying, souls are dying.
While the years are rolling on.
Loving words a soul may win
From the wretched paths of sin;
We may bring the wand'ers in,
While the years are rolling on.—*Cho.*

- 3 Let us strengthen one another,
While the years are rolling on;
Seek to raise a fallen brother,
While the years are rolling on.

This is work for every hand,
Till, throughout creation's land,
Armies for the Lord shall stand,
While the years are rolling on.—*Cho.*

- 4 Friends we love are quickly flying,
While the years are rolling on;
No more parting, no more dying,
While the years are rolling on.
In the world beyond the tomb
Sorrow never more can come,
When we meet in that blest home,
While the years are rolling on.—*Cho.*

No. 117.

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

FISCHER. By per.

1. { A... lit - tle talk with Je - sus, how it soothes the rug - ged road! }
How it seems to help me on - ward, when I faint be - neath my load! }

When my heart is crush'd with sor - row, and my eyes with tears are dim,

There is nought can yield me com - fort like a lit - tle talk with Him.

- 2 I tell Him I am weary, and fain would be at rest ;
That I am daily, hourly longing to repose upon His breast ;
And He answers me so sweetly, in the tenderest tones of love,
"I am coming soon to take thee to My happy home above."
- 3 The way is long and weary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus doth while away the time ;
The more I come to know Him, and all His grace explore,
It sets me ever longing to know Him more and more.
- 4 So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time,
And along the upward pathway my pilgrim feet shall climb ;
There, in my Father's dwelling, where many mansions be,
I shall sweetly talk with Jesus, and He will talk with me.

No. 118.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MARSHALL. By per.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed..... be Thy name ;
2. Give us this day our..... dal - ly bread ;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de..... liver us from evil ;

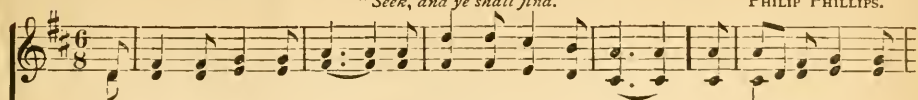
Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on..... earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our..... debts, as we for - give our debtors.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever and ever. A - men.

No. 119.

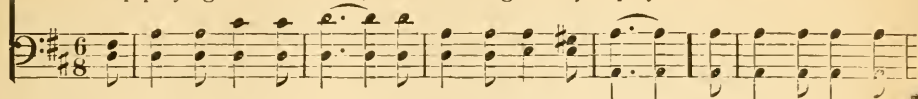
KEEP PRAYING AT THE DOOR.

"Seek, and ye shall find."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



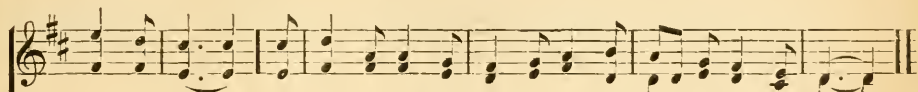
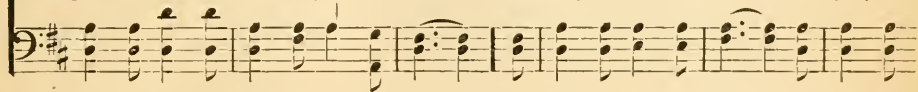
1. Keep praying at the door, And knocking while you pray, Nor tremble, tho' the



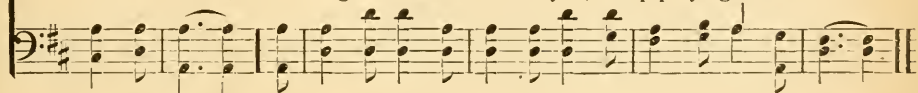
REFRAIN.



tempter's voice Would fright your soul away. Keep praying at the door, Still praying



at the door; Tho' long the answer is delayed, Keep praying at the door.



2 The Lord will surely come,
His promise cannot fail;
O knock, and pray, and plead, and call,
Thy prayer will yet prevail.—*Ref.*

3 The door will open wide,
And thou shalt enter in,
And from the Holy One receive
A pardon for thy sin.—*Ref.*

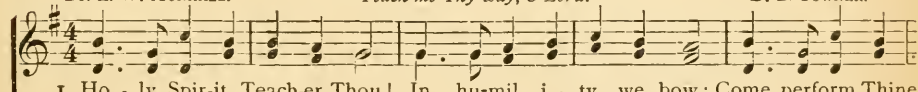
No. 120.

TEACH ME ALWAYS.

Dr. L. W. MUNHALL.

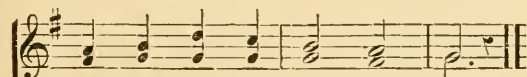
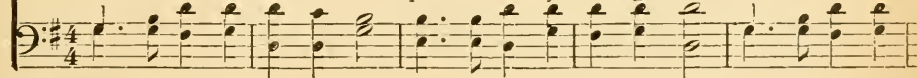
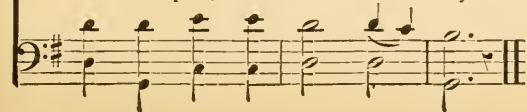
"Teach me Thy way, O Lord."

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Ho - ly Spir-it, Teach-er Thou! In hu-mil-i - ty we bow; Come, perform Thine

2. Com-fort-er in deed Thou art, Speak to ev-'ry aching heart; Let me nev-er

of - fice now, Teach me al - way,
from Thee part, Com - fort al - way.

2 Sent to be our Guide to-day,
Walking in the narrow way;
From it may we never stray,
Guide us always.

4 Teacher, Comforter, and Guide,
Ever in our hearts abide;
And whatever may betide,
Help us always.

No. 121.

HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which
 REGINALD HEBER, D. D. was, and is, and is to come."—REV. 4: 8. REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
 golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! tho' the darkness hide thee,
 Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and
 sky, and sea;
 Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

No. 122. CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s.

"Boast not of to-morrow."

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine. *D.C.*

I. { Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dis-may, } [room;
 { Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to - day. } Heav'n bids thee come While yet there's
 D.C. Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and o - bey.

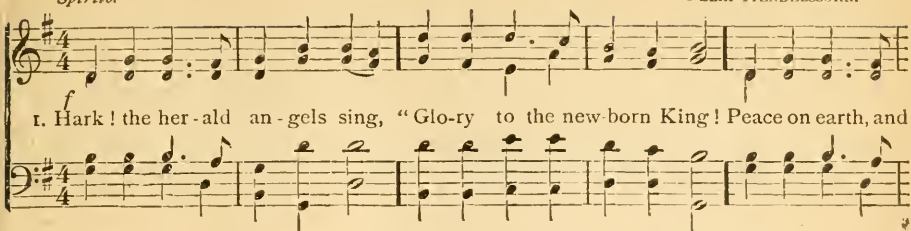
2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high:
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Thy moments glide,
 Like the flitting arrow,
 Or the rushing tide;
 Ere time is o'er,
 Heaven's grace implore;
 Child of sin and sorrow
 In Christ confide.

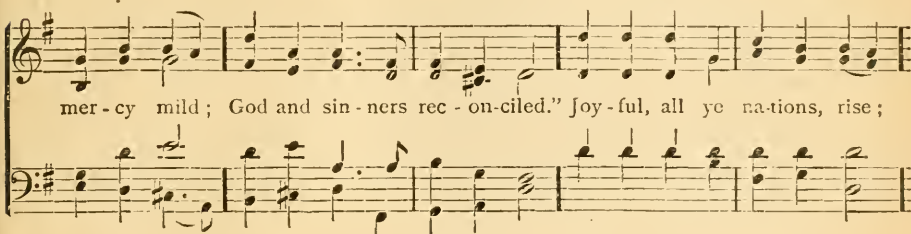
4 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou be
 Through that long to-morrow,
 Eternity?
 Exiled from home,
 Darkly to roam,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou flee?
 Thomas Hastings.

*"Glory to God in the highest."**Spirito.*

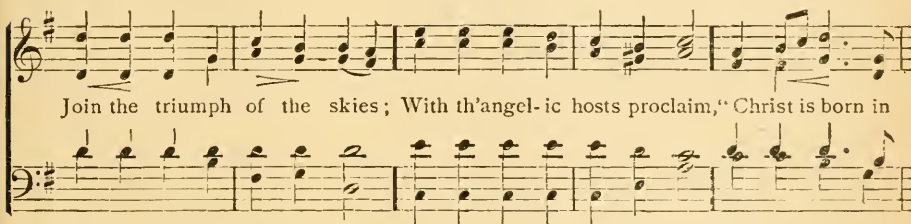
FELIX MENDELSSOHN.



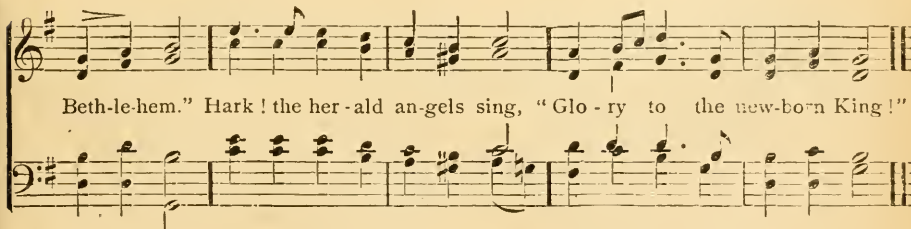
I. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and



mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise;



Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angel-ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in



Beth-le-hem." Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"

2 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Let us then with angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild
 God and sinners reconciled!"
 Hark! the herald angels, &c.

Charles Wesley.

1. { Sav - iour! breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; }
 Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. }

mf
 Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;

p
 Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel guards from Thee surround us,
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

No. 125.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

By permission.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me, at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known!

In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 May I thy consolation share,
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh, I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

F. J. CROSBY.

"I will arise and go to my father."

W. H. DOANE. By per.

I. There's a gentle voice within calls a-way, 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er;

But my heart is melted now, I o-bey; From my Saviour I will wander no more.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.

2 He has promised all my sins to forgive,
If I ask in simple faith His love;
In His holy word I learn how to live,
And to labor for His kingdom above.—*Cho.*

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.—*Cho.*

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.—*Cho.*

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

"Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you
 2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning, When He comes, when He comes; Have your

ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Be-hold! He com-eth! be-
 lamps trimmed and burning When He comes, when He comes. He quick-ly com-eth! He

D. S. Be-hold! He cometh! be-

Fine. CHORUS.

hold! He cometh! Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes. Behold the Bridegroom,
 quickly cometh, O soul, be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

hold! He cometh! Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.

for He comes, for He comes! Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes

3 ||: We will all go out to meet Him
 When He comes, when He comes :||
 He surely cometh! He surely cometh!
 We'll go to meet Him when the Bridegroom
 comes.—*Cho.*

4 ||: We will chant alleluias
 When He comes, when He comes :||
 Lo! now He cometh! lo! now He
 cometh!
 Sing alleluia, for the Bridegroom comes.—*Cho.*

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm

near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

CHORUS.

Nearer my home, Nearer my home, Nearer my home to-day, today, Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

No. 129.

STILL I AM SINGING.

"And he ministered with singing."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Still I am sing-ing, Je-sus, of Thee: Blessed Re-deem-er, so pre-cious to me;

Toil-ing in weak-ness, try ing to bring Souls to Thy standard, Je-sus our King!

CHORUS.

Tell-ing Thy good-ness, sing-ing Thy love, Plead-ing Thy mer-it, and look-ing a-bove;

Chief of ten thou-sand,
Thee will I hon-or, Thee will I praise, Chief of ten thousand, Ancient of days.

2 Still I am singing, Jesus, of Thee:
Simple the tones of the music may be;
Yet may the language comfort impart,
Lifting the spirit, cheering the heart.—*Cho.*

3 Still may our chorus joyfully be,
Blessed Redeemer, Hosanna to Thee:
Grant in Thy Kingdom all may unite,
Singing with rapture songs of delight.—*Cho.*

No. 130.

TOSSING ON THE BILLOW.

"Both sure and steadfast."

S. J. VAIL.

1. Toss-ing on the bil-low, Rock-ing in the blast, Faint-ing on the pil-low,
2. Skies all clad in sa-ble, Storm-clouds flying past, Cling-ing to the ca-ble,

TOSSING ON THE BILLOW. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Verg-ing to the last. While the tempest rag-es, To the Rock of A-ges,
I am anchored fast.

To the Rock of A-ges, I am cling-ing fast.

3 Gone each earthly treasure,
Cut away each mast;
Vanish earthly pleasure,
Still I'm anchored fast. *Cho.*

4 Sorrows multiplying,
Prospects overcast,
Weeping, groaning, sighing,
Still I'm anchored fast. *Cho.*

No. 131. FROM STORM ENTER INTO REST.

"Enter in through the gates into the city."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

I. { From this bleak hill of storms En-ter thy rest; } Where love for-ev-er shines,
{ To yon bright sunny heights En-ter thy rest; }

En-ter in-to rest; En-ter in-to rest, The rest of God. *rit.*

2 From hunger and from thirst,
Enter thy rest;
From toil and weariness,
Enter thy rest.
From shadows and from dreams,
Enter into rest;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God.

3 From vanity and lies,
Enter thy rest;
From mocking and from snares,
Enter thy rest.
From disappointed hopes,
Enter into rest;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God. Dr. H. Bonar.

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Life is but a fleet-ing dream, On-ly strangers here we roam;

Life is but a change-ful scene, Yon-der is the Christian's home.

Just be-yond the roll-ing tide An-gels watch us on the shore,

Where the pearl-y wa-ters glide, And the wear-y thirst no more.

- 2 Here we feel the tempter's power,
Here we sigh for living-bread,
Clouds of gloom and darkness lower,
While a rugged path we tread.
There no cruel thorns are found,
Doubt and fear and storms are o'er,
There the fruits of joy abound,
We shall hunger there no more.
- 3 Here we breathe the sultry air
Of a lonely desert plain,
Trials here the heart must bear
Worn by sickness, racked with pain.

- There the waves of death are passed,
There, among the pure and blest,
Safely anchored home at last,
There our wandering feet shall rest.
- 4 Here our fondest hopes are brief,
Kindred ties are broken here;
Morning brings a night of grief,
Joy is mingled with a tear.
There shall faith be lost in sight,
There a long eternal day,
Christ the Lamb shall be the Light,
He will wipe our tears away.

THE GOLDEN STORE.

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow."

SOLO OR DUET.

SEMI-CHORUS.

SOLO OR DUET.

P. PHILLIPS.

I. In the fur-rows of thy life, Scatter seed! Small may be thy spirit-field,

SEMI-CHORUS.

But a goodly crop 'twill yield; Sow the kindly word and deed—Scatter, scatter
D.S. God will give thee all thy need—Scatter, scatter

Fine. FULL CHORUS.

D.S.

goodly seed! O - pen, then, thy golden store, Stretch the fur-rows more and more,
goodly seed!

- 2 Sun and shower aid thee now,
Scatter seed!
Who can tell where grain may grow?
Winds are blowing to and fro,
Daily good thy simple creed.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHORUS.
- 3 Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground:

- Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHORUS.
- 4 Springtime always dawns for thee!
Scatter seed!
Open, then, thy golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more;
God will give thee all thy need.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHORUS.

No. 134.

Blessed Bible, how I love it.

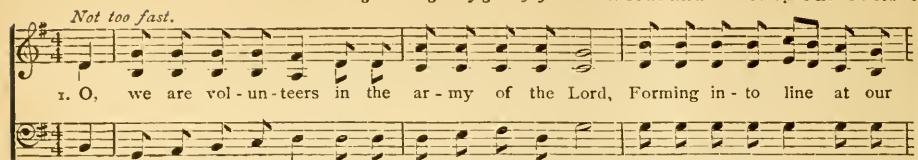
Tune "CLOSE TO THEE."

- 1 Blessed Bible, how I love it,
How it doth my bosom cheer;
What on earth like this to covet,
O what stores of wealth are here.
- Cho. This my guide, this my guide,
This my guide ever be:
All along my pilgrim journey,
This my guide shall ever be!

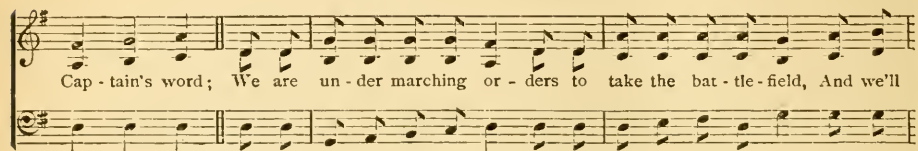
- 2 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.—Cho.
- 3 Part in death? no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, for ever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.—Cho.
- Phebe Palmer.

"Fight the good fight of faith." Words and music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Not too fast.

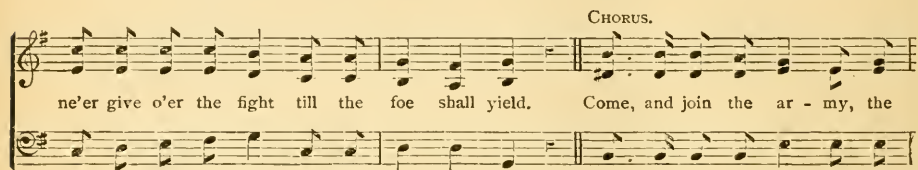


1. O, we are vol-un-teers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in-to line at our

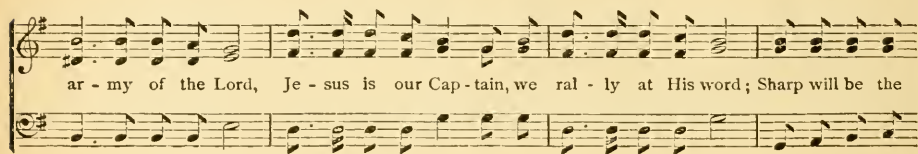


Cap-tain's word; We are un-der marching or-ders to take the bat-tle-field, And we'll

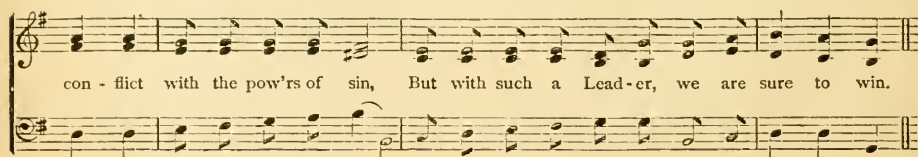
CHORUS.



ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield. Come, and join the ar-my, the



ar-my of the Lord, Je-sus is our Cap-tain, we ral-ly at His word; Sharp will be the



con-flict with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a Lead-er, we are sure to win.

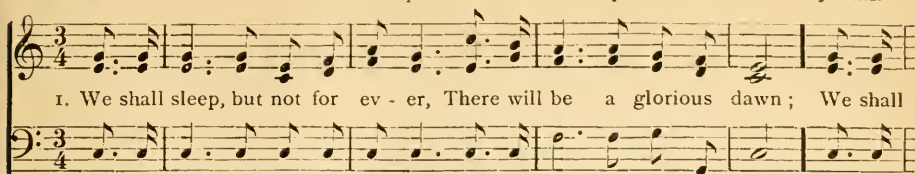
- 2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove,
Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain,
'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.—*Cho.*
- 3 Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on ev'ry side,—
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride;
They are cruel, fierce and strong, ever ready to attack;
We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drive them back.—*Cho.*
- 4 O, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword,
Glorious is the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord;
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,
And His people shall be blessed for evermore.—*Cho.*

No. 136. WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOR EVER.

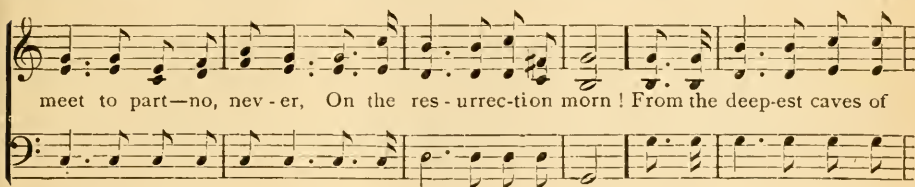
Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

"Sown in corruption...raised in incorruption."

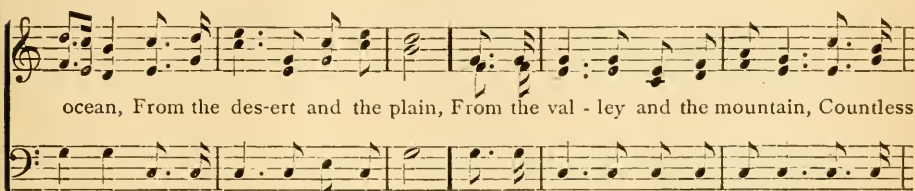
S. J. VAIL.



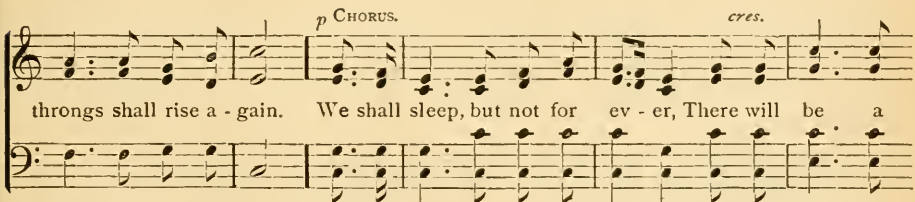
1. We shall sleep, but not for ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall



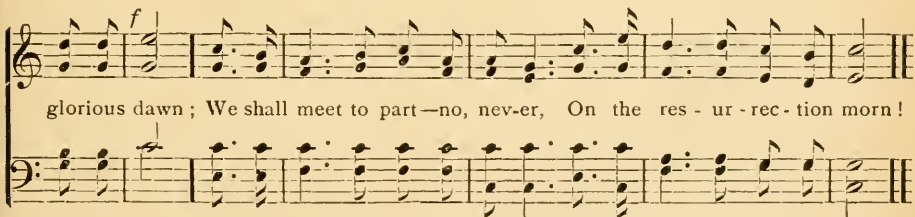
meet to part—no, nev - er, On the res - urrec - tion morn! From the deep - est caves of



ocean, From the des - ert and the plain, From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless



p CHORUS. *cres.*
thongs shall rise a - gain. We shall sleep, but not for ev - er, There will be a



f
glorious dawn; We shall meet to part—no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!

2 When we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Felling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.—*Cho.*

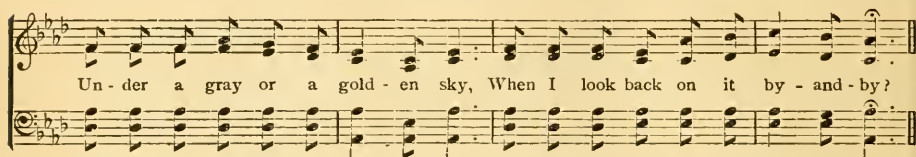
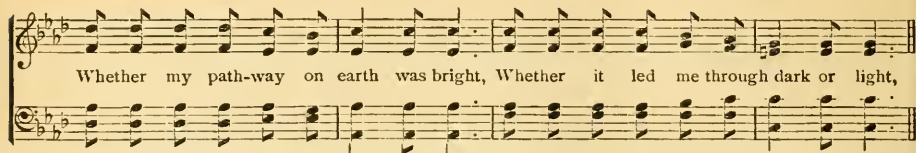
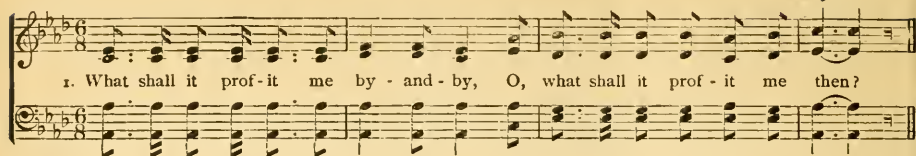
3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, sweet Home. *Cho.*

No. 137. WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ME THEN?

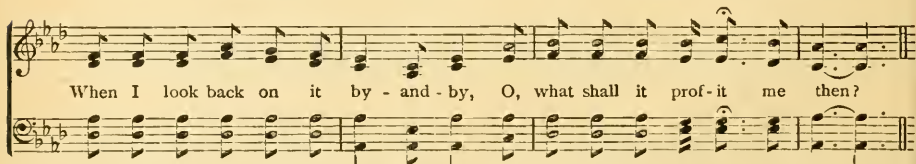
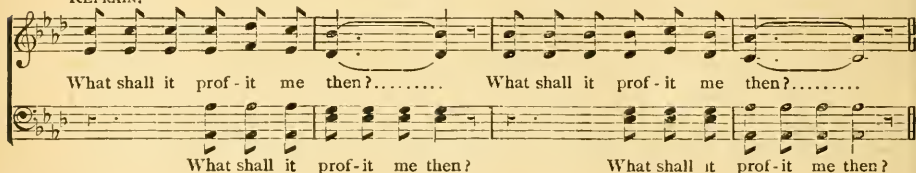
"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.



REFRAIN.

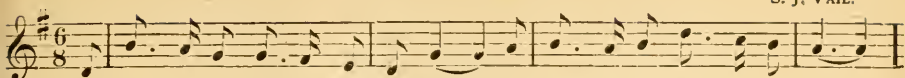


- 2 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
Whether in weariness, toil and pain
I have been striving my home to gain—
Striving, not questioning how or why,
If I but rest with Him by-and-by?
Ref.—What shall it profit me then?
What shall it profit me then?
When I look back on it by-and-by,
What shall it profit me then?

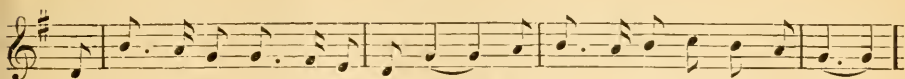
- 3 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
If I have answered the heavenly call,
Trusted in God as my all in all,

I shall be welcomed to dwell on high—
Dwell with the ransom'd ones by-and-by.
Ref.—||: Thus shall it profit me then, :||
When I look back on it by-and-by,
O, thus shall it profit me then.

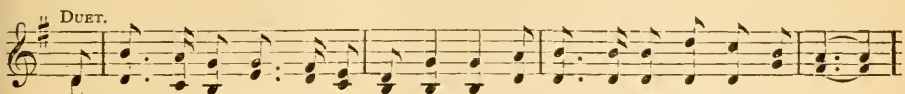
- 4 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
Permit me this—That my gain and loss
Taught my weak spirit to bear the cross;
Bid me look upward to joys on high—
Heaven and happiness by-and-by.
Ref.—||: Thus shall it profit me then, :||
When I look back on it by-and-by,
O, thus shall it profit me then.



1. Why speeding so quick-ly, O Pil-grim? And where dost thou journey to - day?



Here rest thee a moment, and tell me, What need of such haste on the way?



I haste, for the moments are fly - ing, I go to a cit - y most fair,



My beau - ti - ful home o - ver Jor - dan; Then, say, will you go with me there?



O haste to the cit - y most fair, 'Tis free from all sor - row and care;



Dear friends, in the vale o - ver Jor - dan, Are long - ing to wel - come us there.



2.

Solo. What! leave the gay pleasures around me,
The dance with its music and mirth,
The splendors of wealth that have bound me,
And wedded my spirit to earth?

Duet. Yes, leave them and cling to thy Saviour.
Remember thy soul, and beware;
Thy soul, that by Him was created
A place in thy kingdom to share.—*Cho.*

3.

Solo. Will Jesus receive me, O pilgrim,
When long I have slighted His love,
Regarding the world as my treasure,
Forgetting the mansions above?

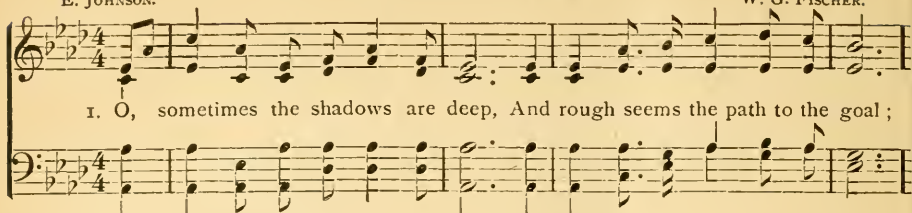
Duet. He waits even now to be gracious,
He waits in His mercy for thee;
Repent from thy heart, and believe Him;
Then onward! rejoicing with me.—*Cho.*

No. 139. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I!

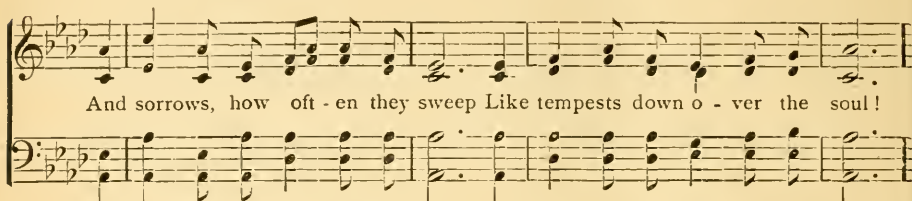
E. JOHNSON.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

W. G. FISCHER.



1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal ;

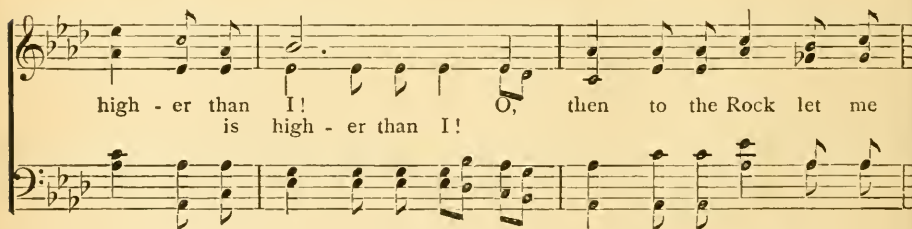


And sorrows, how oft - en they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul !

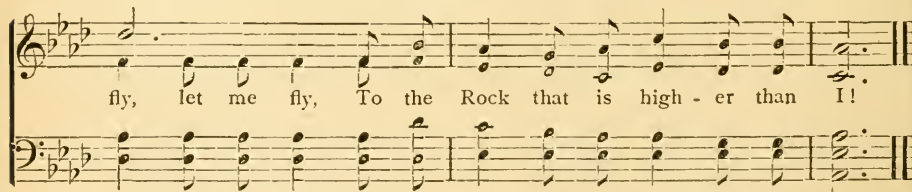
CHORUS.



O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is



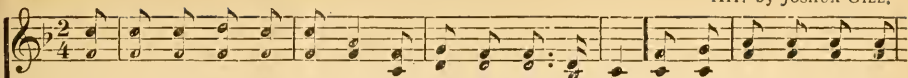
high - er than I ! O, then to the Rock let me



fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I !

2 O, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet !
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, ho, - - -

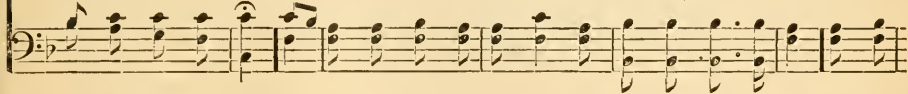
3 O, near to the Rock let me keep,
Though blessings or sorrows prevail ;
When climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale,



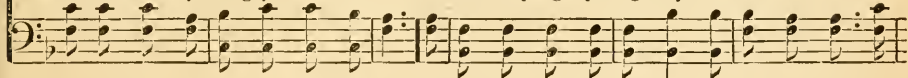
1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, he's ev - ery-thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten
2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta - tion he's my
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and



thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley in him a - lone I see, All I strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for him for-sak - en, I've all my i - dols torn From my do his bless-ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've nothing now to fear; With his



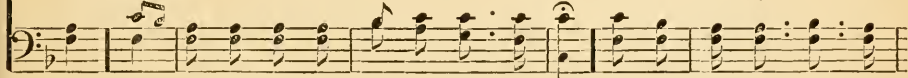
need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sor-row he's my comfort, in trouble he's my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me man - na he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry we see his blessed



Chorus.—In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my



stay, He tells me ev - ery care on him to roll. He's the Lil - y of the sore, Through Je-sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the Lil - y of the face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the Lil - y of the

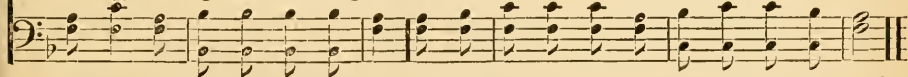


stay, He tells me ev - ery care on him to roll. He's the Lil - y of the

D.S.



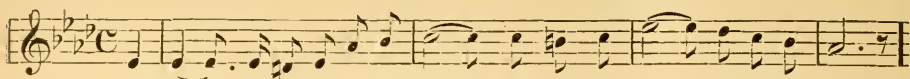
Val-ley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul.



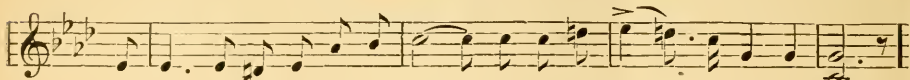
Val-ley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul.

No. 141. ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

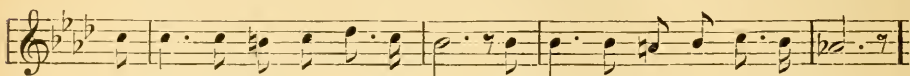
"Then He arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water." J. P. KNIGHT.



1. Rocked in . . the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine;



Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
Or, tho' the tempest's fier-y breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,



I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In o - cean's cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor-tal - i - ty;



pp
And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep;

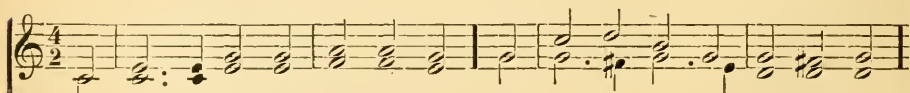


And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.

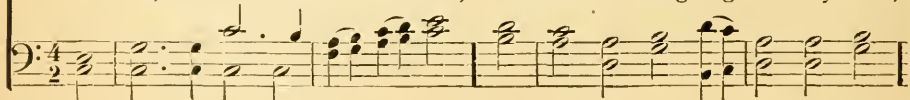
No. 142.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

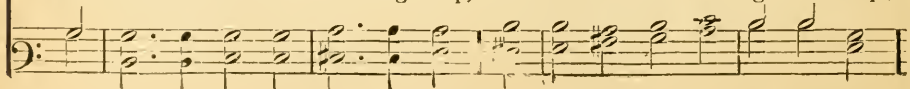
"And there was a calm."



1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,
2. O Christ, whose voice the wa-ters heard, And hushed their rag - ing at Thy word,



Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap-point-ed lim - its keep;
Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, And calm a - midst its rage did sleep;



"To-day if ye will hear his voice."

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam, Far - ther and far - ther a - way?

REFRAIN,

call - ing to - day, . . call - ing to - day. . .

Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day.

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
 Calling to-day, calling to-day;
 Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest;
 He will not turn thee away.—REF.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—
 Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
 Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow;
 Come, and no longer delay.—REF.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—
 Hear him to-day, hear him to-day;
 They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
 Quickly arise and away.—REF.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 144. LIKE THE FULLNESS OF THE SEA.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

S. J. VAIL.

1. There's a full - ness in God's mercy, Like the full - ness of the sea;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.

REFRAIN.

He is call - ing, "Come to Me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to Thee.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.—*Ref.*

3 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;

Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.—*Ref.*

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.—*Ref.*

Copyright, 1873, by Biglow & Main Co.

No. 145. I'M A PILGRIM.

Mrs. S. B. DANA.

"Here we have no continuing city."

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;
D. C. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

Fine.

I'M A PILGRIM. Concluded.



Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing.



2 There the glory is ever shining ;
I am longing, I am longing for the sight ;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I have been wand'ring forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 There's the city to which I journey ;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light ;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying,
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

No. 146.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

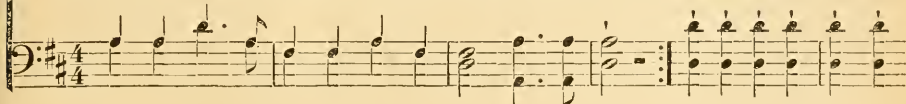
"And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."

With Spirit. W. E. HICKSON.

From the German.



I. { Now to heav'n our pray'r as-cending, God speed the right ! } Be their zeal in heav'n re-
{ In a no - ble cause con-tending, God speed the right ! }



corded, With success on earth rewarded. God speed the right ! God speed the right !



2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right !
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right !
Like the good and great in story,
If they fall, they fall with glory.
God speed the right !

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right !
Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
God speed the right !
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right !

No. 147.

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

"A better country."

Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

Fine.

1st Voice. Trav'ler, whith - er art thou go - ing, Heedless of the clouds that form?
 2d Voice. Nought to me the wind's rough blowing, Mine's a land with-out a storm.
 D. C. And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storm.

CHORUS. *D. C.*

And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storm;

1st Voice. 2 Trav'ler, art thou here a stranger,
 Not to fear the tempest's power?

2d Voice. I have not a thought of danger,
 Tho' the sky may darkly lower.

1st Voice. 3 Trav'ler, now a moment linger,
 Soon the darkness will be o'er.

2d Voice. No! I see a beckoning finger,
 Guiding to a far-off shore.

1st Voice. 4 Trav'ler, yonder narrow portal
 Opens to receive thy form.

2d Voice. Yes, but I shall be immortal
 In that land without a storm.

Copyright, 1861, by W. B. Bradbury.

No. 148.

GOD IS OUR REFUGE.

"A very present help in trouble."

Dr. L. MASON.

1. God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp distress in - vade;

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold Him pre - sent with His aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide;
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God;

Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
 Supports our faith, our fear controls,
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

VAIL and PHILLIPS.

1. If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet, Rocking on the high - est
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the mountain, steep and high, You can stand with - in the

billows, Laughing at the storms you meet; You can stand among the sail - ors, Anchor'd yet with - in the
val - ley, While the mul - ti - tudes go by; You can chant in hap - py measure, As they slow - ly pass a -

REFRAIN.
bay, You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away. As they launch their boats a -
long, Tho' they may for - get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song. They will not for - get the

way, As they launch their boats away; You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away.
song, They will not for - get the song; Tho' they may forget the sing - er, They will not for - get the song.

- 3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot tow'rds the needy
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.
Ref.—Sitting at the Saviour's, etc.

- 4 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.
Ref.—You can cover, etc.

- 5 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briars,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.
Ref.—Hides the heaviest, etc.

- 6 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go, and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.
Ref.—You can find, etc.

No. 150.

BRIGHT HOME.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

H. R. BISHOP, 1816

1. } Bright home of our Sav-iour, what glo-ries a-wait
The spir-its that pass thro' thy bright pearl-y [Omit] gate; } What an-thems of rap-ture, un-
Com-pose the loud eho-rus that

1st. 2d.
ceasing and high,
gladdens the [Omit] sky! Home, home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for yonder blest home.

- 2 The home that our Saviour has gone to prepare—
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there,
Of raptures unending awaiting the just,
When, pure in His likeness, they rise from the dust. Home, etc.
- 3 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, who call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy, that, washed from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in. Home, etc.

No. 151.

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. WELLS.

1. } Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side,
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grim in a des-ert land. } Wea-ry souls for-e'er re-joice,

While they hear that sweetest voice, Whisp'ring soft-ly, Wanderer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.

- 2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

No. 152.

O, BE SAVED!

F. J. CROSBY.

"The Lord ready to save."

S. J. VAIL, by per.

I. Sin-ner, how thy heart is troubled! God is com-ing ver-y near; Do not

hide thy deep e-mo-tion, Do not check tha' fail-ing tear. O, be saved, Hid

grace is free! O, be saved, He died for thee! O, be saved, He died for thee!

- 3 Jesus now is bending o'er thee,
Jesus lowly, meek, and mild;
To the Friend who died to save thee,
Wilt thou not be reconciled?—*Cho.*
- 3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou may'st never see its light;
Come at once! accept His mercy;
He is waiting—come to night!—*Cho.*

- 4 With a lowly, contrite spirit,
Kneeling at the Saviour's feet,
Thou canst feel, this very moment,
Pardon, precious, pure, and sweet!—*Cho*
- 5 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heaven!
Let them sing, with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven!—*Cho.*

Copyright, 1874, in "Songs of Grace and Glory."

No. 153.

COME, COME TO JESUS!

HUBERT P. MAIN.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 COME, come to Jesus!
He waits to welcome thee,
O wand'r'er, eagerly
Come, come to Jesus! 2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O slave! so willingly;
Come, come to Jesus! | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee.
O burdened! trustingly
Come, come to Jesus! • Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus! | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee;
O weary, blessedly
Come, come to Jesus! 6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee;
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus! |
|---|---|--|

No. 154. COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

DR. NETTLETON. *Fine.*

I. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; }
 D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it.
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

Robinson.

No. 155.

HEBRON.

"Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God."

L. MASON.

1. New every morning is Thy love, Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Our waking and our rising prove; Returned to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray,
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of
 heaven.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask,
 Room to deny ourselves; a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
 Fit us for perfect rest above,
 And help us this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

Keble.

No. 156. The Lord Has Led Me.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far His power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home:
 But He forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

Watts.

I. WATTS.

Arr. by W. L. MASON.

1. Joy to the world, joy to the world, Joy to the world the Lord is come,
 2. Joy to the earth, joy to the earth, Joy to the earth the Sav- iour reigns;

D. C. Joy to the world, joy to the world, Joy to the world the Lord is come,

Joy to the world, joy to the world, Let earth re- ceive her King.
 Joy to the earth, joy to the earth, Let men their songs em- ploy.

Joy to the world, joy to the world, Let earth re- ceive her King.

SOLO. **DUET.**

Let ev- 'ry heart prepare Him room, Let ev- 'ry heart pre- pare Him room,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,

INST.

CHORUS.

Let ev- 'ry heart pre- pare Him room, And heav'n and
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re- peat the

D. C. al Fine. **After last verse.** **ad lib.**

nat- ure sing. . . . A- men, A- men, A- men, A- men.
 sounding joy.

W. L. M.

W. L. MASON.

1. Hark! 'tis Christ-mas Day, Haste with us a-way;
2. See the won-drous Star; Wise men from a-far,

Je-sus is born, Je-sus is born, Born on earth to reign.
Came from the East, Came from the East, Wor-ship-ing the King.

Raise a hap-py song, Sing it loud and long, Join with the shepherds
In their hands they brought Gifts for Him they sought, Shall we not with them

REF.—Raise a hap-py song, Sing it loud and long, Je-sus is King, He
Raise a hap-py song, Sing it loud and long, Praise Him ye peo-ple,

FINE.

Worshipping on the plain. Come then all ye peo-ple ev-'ry-
Grate-ful off-rings bring? Come then chil-dren all from far and

ev-er-more shall reign.
Je-sus is our King.

where, Lift your grate-ful hearts in praise and pray'r.
near, Je-sus Christ the Roy-al Babe is here.

W. L. M

W. L. MASON.

D. C.—1. Hear the clink of the coins as they jingle in the hand, Soon they'll start on their way to some
2. Hear the crisp dollar bills as they rustle in the hand, 'Twouldn't take such a pile to re-

far off heathen land, And perhaps, if our friends will but generously give, We can
deem our glorious land; For you know if we gave but a single cent each day, Soon you'd

FINE.
send some way off where our western missionaries live. For you know you may go to the
see a church in ev'ry town wherever you might stray. Jesus loves willing souls, and a

prairies bleak and cold, And you'll find people there who possess but little gold; And the
blessing He imparts, If we give from our store all we can, with cheerful hearts; So let's

Rit. **D. C.**
care not for God, and religious duties shirk, But they're taught by the men whom we send to do the work.
give Him ourselves, and what things to us belong, And with souls filled with joy, join in this our happy song.

BETHLEHEM. 8, 6.

ENGLISH.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie,

The first system of the musical score for 'Bethlehem' in English. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: '1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie,'.

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep, The si - lent stars go by;

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep, The si - lent stars go by;,'.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

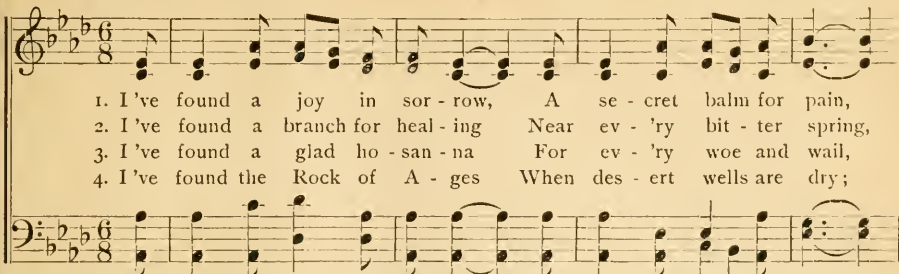
The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;,'.

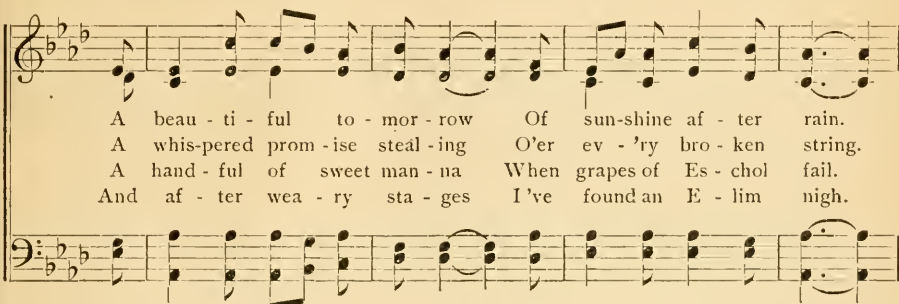
The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee to - night.

The fourth system of the musical score, ending with a double bar line. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee to - night.'

Words by Mrs. J. F. CREWDSON.

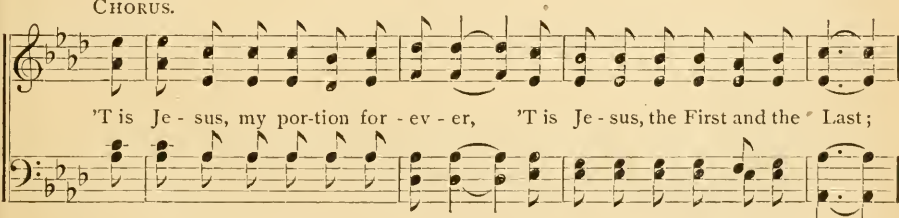
Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

- 
1. I've found a joy in sor-row, A se-cret balm for pain,
 2. I've found a branch for heal-ing Near ev-'ry bit-ter spring,
 3. I've found a glad ho-san-na For ev-'ry woe and wail,
 4. I've found the Rock of A-ges When des-ert wells are dry;



A beau-ti-ful to-mor-row Of sun-shine af-ter rain.
 A whis-pered prom-ise steal-ing O'er ev-'ry bro-ken string.
 A hand-ful of sweet man-na When grapes of Es-chol fail.
 And af-ter wea-ry sta-ges I've found an E-lim nigh.

CHORUS.



'T is Je-sus, my por-tion for-ev-er, 'T is Je-sus, the First and the Last;



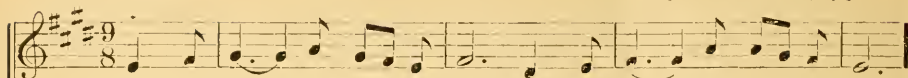
A help ver-y pres-ent in trou-ble, A shel-ter from ev-'ry blast.

5 An Elim with its coolness,
 Its fountains, and its shade;
 A blessing in its fulness
 When buds of promise fade.

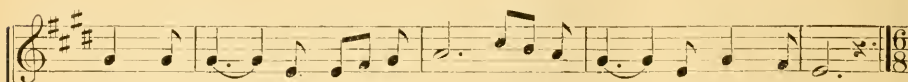
6 O'er tears of soft contrition
 I've seen a rainbow light:
 A glory and fruition,
 So near yet out of sight.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.




1. Bless - ed stream from Cal-v'ry's hill, Flow - ing free - ly, flow-ing still,
 2. Shed, to take my sin a - way, Shed, to cleanse me day by day;
 3. Though the whole wide world should come, At this foun - tain there is room;
 4. When with all the saints a - bove, Saved, I sing re - deem-ing love,




Plunge me, Lord, be - neath the tide, Flowing from Thy riv - en side.
 Sprink - ling now the mer - cy - seat, There I find com - mun - ion sweet.
 Mil - lions at the cross I see, Yet He makes a place for me.
 Still the blood my theme shall be, Shed for ma - ny, shed for me.

CHORUS.



Pre - cious blood of Cal - va - ry, Shed for ma - ny, shed for me.



This my all a - vail - ing plea, Je - sus shed His blood for me.

W. L. M.

March time.

W. L. MASON.

1. Marching, marching, like a mighty arm - y, Come the boys and girls from far and near.
2. Wake then, wake then, soldiers, for the battle, Right o'er wrong must certainly prevail!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, see their banners waving, While the strains of music strike the ear.
True hearts, clean hands, purpose firm and fearless, Never faltering, nev-er saying "Fail."

Who would stand a - loof at such a moment? Who re - fuse to join this grand array?
"All the world for Christ" shall be our motto; Bloodless conquests thro' the Prince of Peace.

FINE.
With our Captain glorious, We shall be victorious; Come, then, fall in line without delay.
When the fight is end-ed, With our Lord ascended, We shall join in songs that never cease.

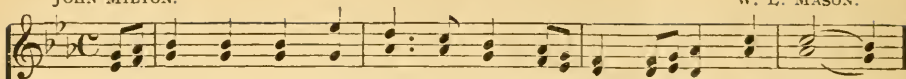
REFRAIN. *Inst.* **D. S. al Fine.**
Hear the call! Hear the call! How it echoes far a-way,

No. 163.

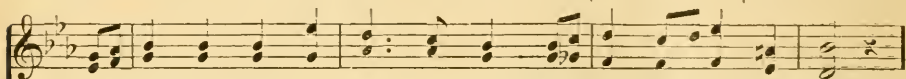
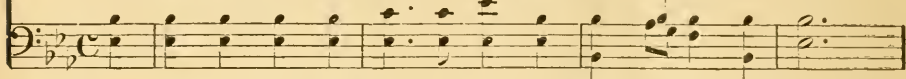
PSALM LXXXIV.

JOHN MILTON.

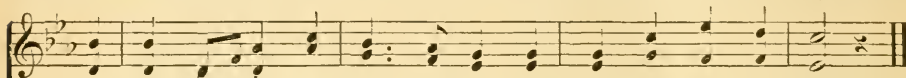
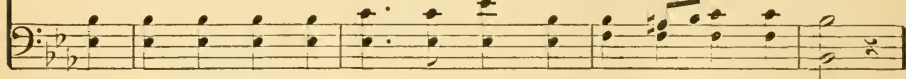
W. L. MASON.



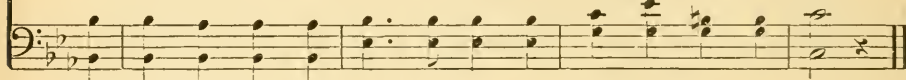
1. How love-ly are Thy dwellings fair! O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 2. There ev'n the spar-row, freed from wrong, Hath found a house of rest;
 3. Hap-py who in Thy house re-side, Where Thee they ev-er praise!



The pleasant tab-er-na-cles are, Where Thou dost dwell so near!
 The swal-low there, to lay her young, Hath built her brooding nest;
 Hap-py, whose strength in Thee doth bide, And in their hearts Thy ways!



My soul doth long and al-most die Thy courts, O Lord, to see.
 Ev'n by Thy al-tars, Lord of Hosts, They find their safe a-bode.
 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield, Give grace and glo-ry bright.



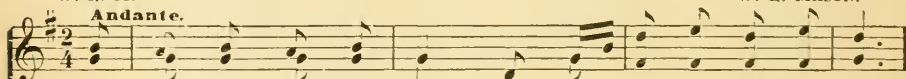
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No. 164.

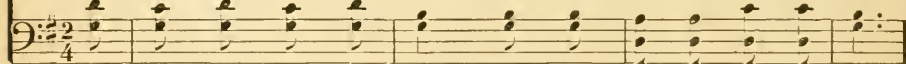
JESUS, VICTOR.

W. L. M.

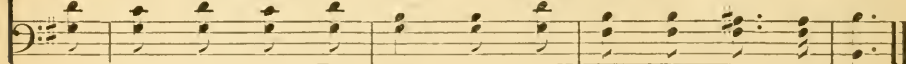
W. L. MASON.

Andante.

1. Our Lord is now as-cend-ed, He hath gone up on high;
 2. The grave could not en-thral Him, Our ev-er bless-ed King;



His life on earth is end-ed, He's gained the vic-to-ry!
 And death could not ap-pal Him, For death had lost its sting.



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No. 165.

DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

J. B. M.

REV. JNO. B. MATTHIAS, 1836.

1. { I saw a way-worn trav-ler In tat-ter'd gar-ments clad,
 { His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
 2. { The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow;
 { But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;
 3. { The song-sters in the ar-bor, That stood be-side the way,
 { His watchword be-ing "On-ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,

And strug-gling up the moun-tain It seem'd that he was sad;
 Yet he shout-ed as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
 His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seem'd ver-y slow;
 Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
 At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay:
 Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glory, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall bear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
 The sun was bending low,
 He'd overtopped the mountain,
 And reached the vale below:
 He saw the golden city,—
 His everlasting home,—
 And shouted loud, Hosanna,
 Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
 Just o'er the narrow flood,
 A band of holy angels
 Came from the throne of God:

They bore him on their pinions
 Safe o'er the dashing foam;
 And joined him in his triumph,—
 Deliverance had come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
 They sang upon that shore,
 Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
 To suffer nevermore:
 Then, casting his eyes backward
 On the race which he had run,
 He shouted loud, Hosanna,
 Deliverance has come!

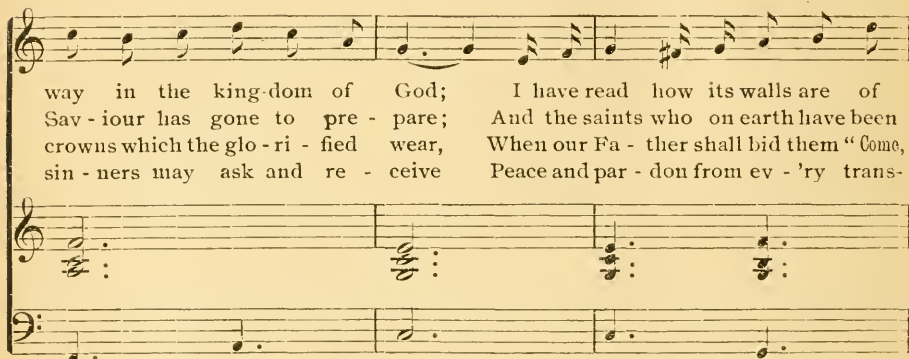
"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21: 18.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

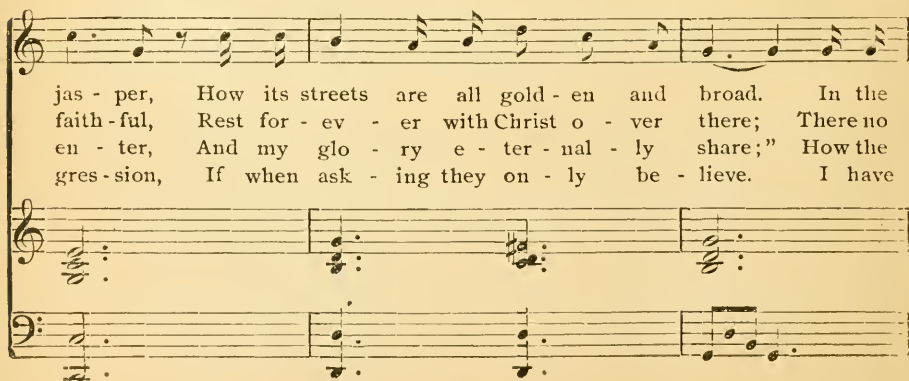
O. F. PRESBREV. By per.



1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a -
 2. I have read of bright man - sions in Heav - en, Which the
 3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright
 4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile

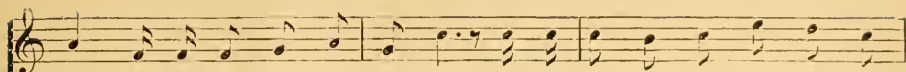


way in the king - dom of God; I have read how its walls are of
 Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare; And the saints who on earth have been
 crowns which the glo - ri - fied wear, When our Fa - ther shall bid them "Come,
 sin - ners may ask and re - ceive Peace and par - don from ev - 'ry trans -

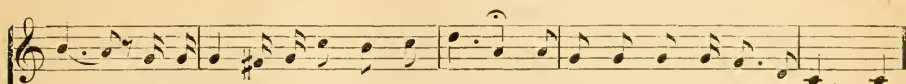
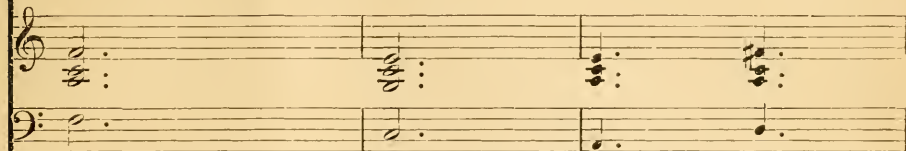


jas - per, How its streets are all gold - en and broad. In the
 faith - ful, Rest for - ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no
 en - ter, And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the
 gres - sion, If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have

NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD. Concluded.



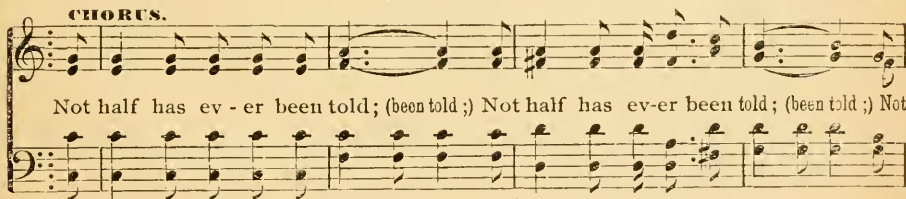
midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be -
sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow
right - eous are ev - er - more bless - ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
read how He'll guide and pro - tect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His



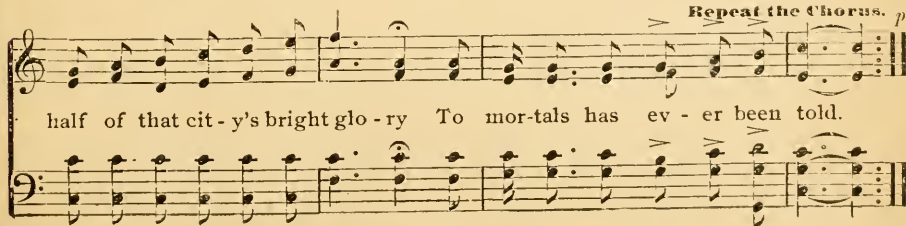
hold; But not half of that city's bright glo - ry To mortals has ev - er been told.
old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ev - er been told.
gold; But not half of the wonder - ful sto - ry To mortals has ev - er been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ev - er been told.



CHORUS.



Not half has ev - er been told; (been told;) Not half has ev - er been told; (been told;) Not



half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.

E. E. HEWITT.

John vi. 37.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Lis - ten to the blessed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweeter than the notes of an - gel - song,
 2. Wea - ry toil - er, sad and heav - y - la - den, Joy - ful - ly the great sal - va - tion see,
 3. Come, ye thirst - y, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hungry, come and on His bounty feed,

Chim - ing soft - ly with a heav'nly ca - dence, Call - ing to the pass - ing throng.
 Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear - er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
 Not thy fit - ness is the plea to bring Him, But thy pressing un - to most need.

CHORUS.

Him that com - eth un - to me, un - to me, Him that com - eth un - to me,
 un - to me,

Him that com - eth un - to me, un - to me, I will in no wise cast out.

- 4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful, 5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
 Cometh for His healing touch divine, Breathing all the heart to Him in prayer;
 For the cleansing of the blood so precious, Coming some day to the heavenly mansions,
 Prove anew this gracious line. He will give thee welcome there.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. I will go, I can - not stay From the arms of love a - way;
 2. Though I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain,
 3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe;
 4. Some-thing whis-pers in my soul, Though my sins like mountains roll,
 5. I o - bey the Sav - iour's call, Now to Him I yield my all,

Oh, for strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
 Yet to - night I'll try a - gain, Je - sus help Thou me.
 I will rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me.
 Je - sus' blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
 At His feet, where oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

CHORUS.

Can it be, oh, can it be, There is hope for one like me?

rit.
 I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

SARAH E. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. My soul is re-joic-ing, and sweet is my song, While on-ward to Zi-on I
 2. Thy presence is with me, Thy im-age I bear; Thy ban-ner is o'er me, Thy
 3. I walk in Thy sun-shine, I rest in Thy smile, And vis-ions of glo-ry the
 4. I know there's a man-sion pre-par-ing a-bove, Where soon Thou wilt call me to

jour-ney a-long; No thorns in my path-way, no clouds can I see, For
 gar-ment I wear; The world and its pleas-ures are noth-ing to me, For
 moments be-guile; Thy peace like a riv-er is flow-ing for me, And
 feast on Thy love; Yet here while I tar-ry con-tent will I be, For

CHORUS.

oh, I am hap-py, dear Sav-iour, in Thee. Hap-py in Thee, . . .
 Hap-py in Thee, happy in Thee.

hap-py in Thee, . . . My soul is re-joic-ing, my
 Sav-iour, dear Sav-iour, I'm hap-py in Thee,

HAPPY IN THEE. Concluded.

spir - it is free, And oh, I am hap - py, dear Sav-iour, in Thee.

No. 170.

HALLELUJAH.

WM. G. COLLINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. I am glad; O so glad That to Je - sus I came, He has pardoned my
2. Oh, the ful - ness of joy My Re-deem - er to know, And to feel that His
3. Per - fect peace in my heart Je - sus now gives to me, From all fear - ing and
4. Sav-iour, keep me I pray, Ev - er keep me Thine own, Till I join the glad

CHORUS.

sins, I can now praise His Name. Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me, With a
blood Makes me whit - er than snow.
doubt - ing, My spir - it is free.
song, Of the blest 'round Thy throne.

per - fect sal - va - tion, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me just now.

HENRY M. KING, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glorious mot - to be!
 2. Wher - e'er it goes its gold - en light, Stream - ing as from an un - veiled sun;
 3. It shows to men the Fa - ther's face, All ra - diant with for - giv - ing love;
 4. It tells of Je - sus and His death, Of life pro - cured for dy - ing men;
 5. It of - fers rest to wea - ry hearts: It com - forts those who sit in tears;

On ev - 'ry breeze its flag un - furled Shall scat - ter blessings rich and free.
 Shall dis - si - pate the clouds of night, Un - do the work that sin has done.
 And to the lost of A - dam's race Pro - claims sweet mer - cy from a - bove.
 And to each soul of hum - ble faith, It son - ship gives with God a - gain.
 To all who faint it strength imparts; And gilds with hope th' eter - nal years.

CHORUS.

Blest word of God! send forth thy light
 Blest word of God! send forth thy light

O'er ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry sea, Till all who
 and ev - 'ry sea,

AN OPEN BIBLE. Concluded.

wan - der in the night Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

No. 172.

FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. I have heard my Sav - iour call - ing, I have heard my Sav - iour call - ing,
2. Though He leads me through the val - ley, Though He leads me through the val - ley,
3. Though He leads me through the gar - den, Though He leads me through the gar - den,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

I have heard my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
Though He leads me thro' the val - ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Though He leads me thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 4 : Though the path be dark and dreary,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. | 7 : I will follow on to know Him,
He 's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend. |
| 5 : Though He leads me in the conflict,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. | 8 : He will give me grace and glory,
He will keep me, keep me all the way. |
| 6 : Though He leads through fiery trial,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. | 9 : O 't is sweet to follow Jesus,
And be with Him, with Him all the way. |

JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the height;
 2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed;
 3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;
 4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His power pro - claim;

Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
 Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guid - ance He hath made.
 God has made His saints vic - to - rious: " Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
 Heaven and earth and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord and mag - ni - fy His name!


Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! His mighty power proclaim.

J. JACKSON.

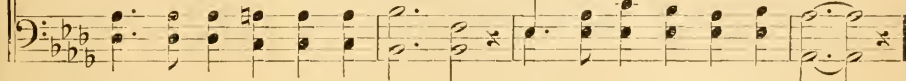
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



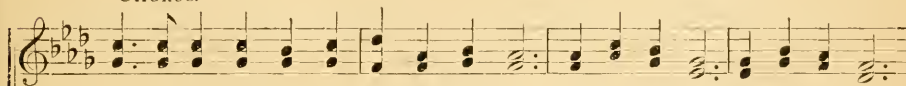
1. Wea - ry, oh, yes, thou art wea - ry, Bear - ing thy bur - den of sin;
 2. Lone - ly, oh, yes, thou art lone - ly, Plod - ding thy des - o - late way,
 3. Trou - bled, oh, yes, thou art trou - bled, Com - fort has flown from thy breast;
 4. Wea - ry and lone - ly and trou - bled, Bro - ken in spir - it and heart,



Clouds of the night are a - bove thee, Fear and temp - ta - tion with - in.
 Far from the arms that would shield thee, Far from the light and the day.
 On - ly in Je - sus thy ref - uge, On - ly in Him is thy rest.
 Come to the gra - cious Re - deem - er: Child of His mer - cy thou art.



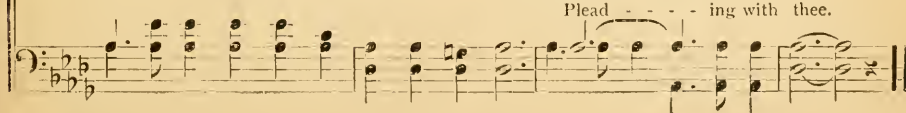
CHORUS.



Hear the sweet voice that is plead - ing with thee, Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

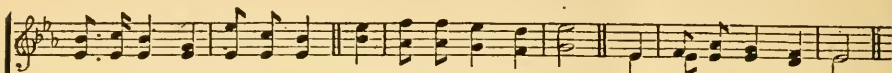
Hear the sweet voice that is plead - ing with thee, Ten - der - ly plead - ing with thee.
 Plead - - - ing with thee.



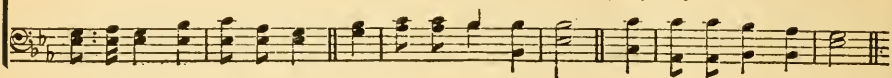
Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.



1. I've found the pearl of great-est price, My heart doth sing for joy; And
 2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King: A Pro-phet full of light, My
 3. For He in-deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings; He
 4. Christ is my Peace; He died for me, For me He gave His blood; And
 5. Christ Je-sus is my All in all, My Com-fort and my Love, My



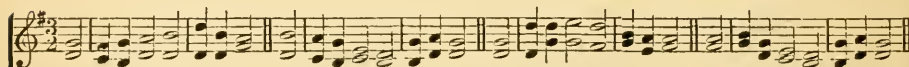
sing I must, for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song employ, Christ shall my song employ.
 great High-Priest before the throne, My King of heavenly might, My King of heavenly might.
 is the Son of righteousness, With healing in His wings, With healing in His wings.
 as my wondrous Sac-ri-fice, Offered Himself to God, Offered Himself to God.
 Life below, and He shall be My Joy and Crown above, My Joy and Crown above.



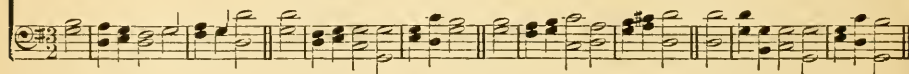
No. 176.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

"And rested the Sabbath-day."

1. Another six days' work is done, Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Another Sabbath is begun; Improve the day thy God hath blest.



- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
 Provides an antepast of heaven,
 And gives this day the food of seven.

- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 4 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense to the skies:
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
 Which none but he that feels it knows.

- 5 In holy duties let the day
 In holy pleasures pass away.
 How blest a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Stennett.

No. 177. Sweet is the Light.

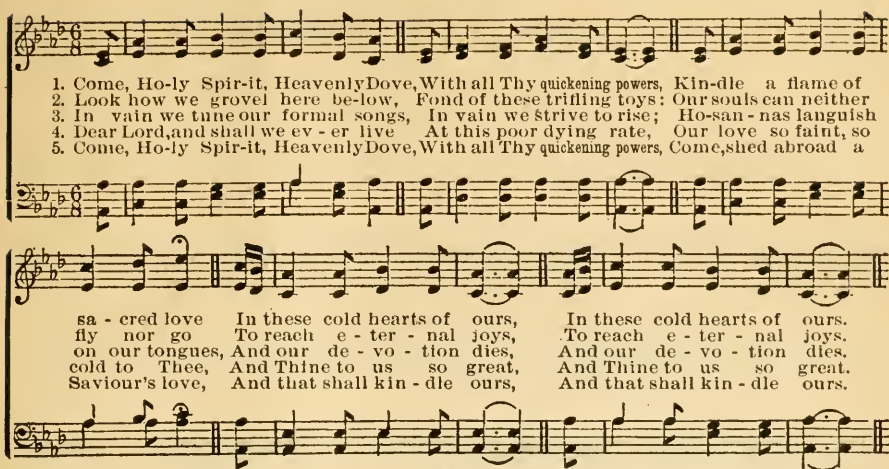
- 1 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
 And soft the sunbeams lingering there:
 For these blest hours the world I leave,
 Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

- 2 The time—how lovely and how still;
 Peace shines and smiles on all below;
 The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
 All fair with evening's setting glow.

- 3 Nor will our days of toil be long,
 Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
 And we shall join the ceaseless song—
 The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston.

Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1837.

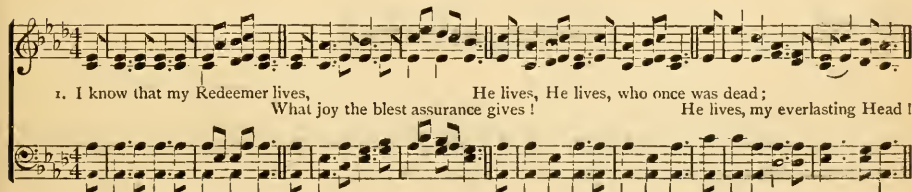


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers, Kin-dle a flame of
 2. Look how we grovel here be-low, Fond of these trifling toys: Our souls can neither
 3. In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-san-nas languish
 4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev-er live At this poor dying rate, Our love so faint, so
 5. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers, Come, shed abroad a

sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.
 fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great, And Thine to us so great.
 Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours, And that shall kin - dle ours.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. I know that my Redeemer lives, He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
 What joy the blest assurance gives! He lives, my everlasting Head!

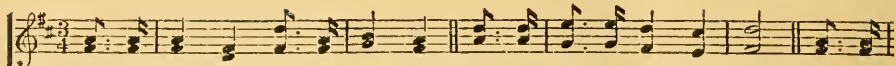
- 2 He lives, to bless me with His love;
 He lives, to plead for me above;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
 He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives! all glory to His Name;
 He lives! my Saviour, still the same;
 What joy the blest assurance gives,—
 I know that my Redeemer lives.
- 4 He lives! my wise and mighty friend;
 He lives and loves me to the end;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare;
 He lives, to guide me safely there.

Wesley.

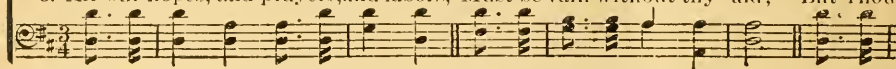
No. 180. Easter Evening.

- 1 He dies! the friend of sinners dies;
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 In vain the tomb forbids him rise!
 Cherubic legions guard Him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting
 grave?" Watts.

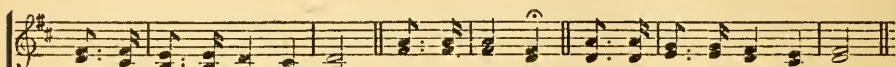
Thomas Hastings. (1784—1872.) 1830.



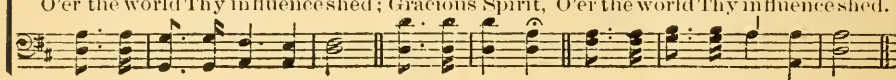
1. Who but Thou, al - mighty Spir - it, Can the heathen world re-claim? Men may
 2. Thou hast promised by the prophets, Glorious light in lat - ter days; Come and
 3. All our hopes, and prayers, and labors, Must be vain without thy aid; But Thou





preach, but till thou fa - vor, Heathens still will be the same: Mighty Spirit
 bless be - wildered na - tions; Change our prayers and tears to praise: Promised Spirit
 wilt not dis - appoint us; All is true that Thou hast said: Gracious Spirit

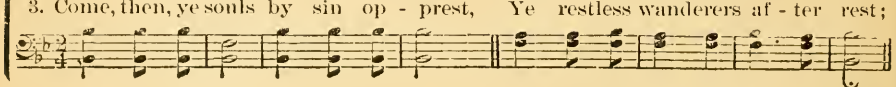
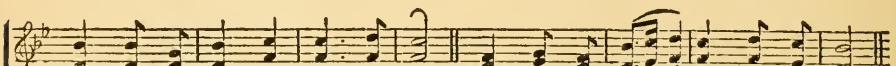
Witness to the Saviour's name; Mighty Spirit, Witness to the Saviour's name.
 Round the world diffuse Thy rays; Promised Spirit, Round the world diffuse Thy rays.
 O'er the world Thy influences shed; Gracious Spirit, O'er the world Thy influences shed.



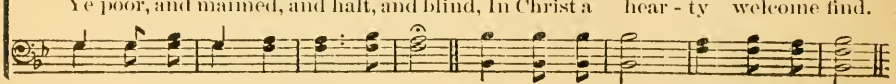
Luther Orlando Emerson. (1820—) 1847.



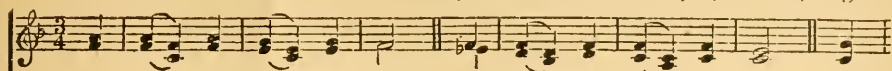
1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev - ery soul be Je - sus' guest;
 2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call, The in - vi - ta - tion is to all;
 3. Come, then, ye souls by sin op - prest, Ye restless wanderers af - ter rest;

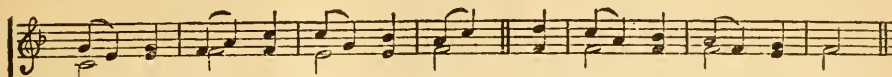
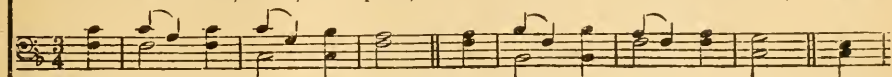
You need not one be left behind, For God has bid - den all mankind.
 Come all the world; come sinner, thou; All things in Christ are ready now.
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a hear - ty welcome find.



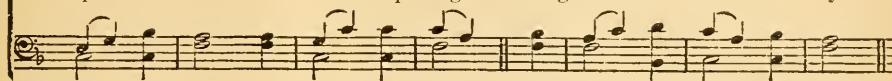
Hans Georg Naegeli. (1773—1836.) 1832.
 Arr. by William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1849.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The
 2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual burdens bear; And
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
 5. This glorious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way; While
 6. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free; And



- fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
 each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
 per - fect love and friendship reign Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

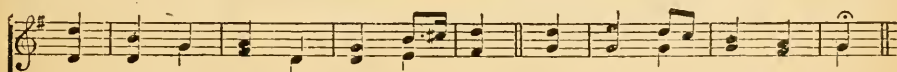
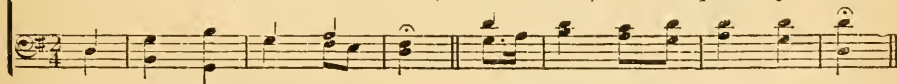


Bishop HENRY USTICK ONDERDONK.

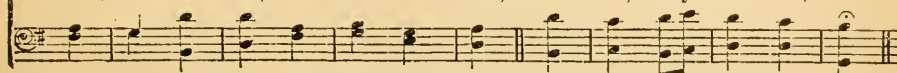
William Tansur. (1699—1774.) 1743.



1. The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whis - pering, "Sin - ner, come,"
 2. Let him that hear - eth, say To all a - bout him, "Come;"
 3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will O let him free - ly come,
 4. Lo, Je - sus, who in - vites, De - clares, "I quick - ly come;"



- The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all His children, "Come."
 Let him that thirsts for righteous - ness, To Christ, the Fountain, come.
 And free - ly drink the stream of life: 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.
 Lord, e - ven so; I wait Thine hour; Je - sus, my Saviour, come.



Felice Giardini. (1716—1796.) 1760.

1. Come, Thou al-mighty King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise:
 2. Je - sus, our Lord, a - rise; Scat-ter our en - e - mies, And make them fall:
 3. Come, Thou In - carnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend:

Father all-glo - rious, O'er all vic - to - rious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.
 Let Thine almighty aid, Our sure defence be made; Our souls on Thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call
 Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy Word success; Spirit of holiness, On us descend.

No. 186. MEAN MAY SEEM THIS HOUSE OF CLAY.

Isaac Beverly Woodbury. (1819—1858.) 1842.

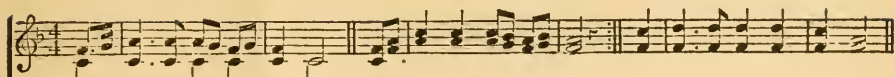
1. O mean may seem this house of clay, Yet 'twas the Lord's a - bode;
 2. This flesh - ly robe the Lord did wear; This watch the Lord did keep;
 3. O vale of tears no lon - ger sad, Where - in the Lord did dwell!
 4. But not this flesh - ly robe a - lone Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
 5. We shall be reckoned for Thine own, Be - cause Thy heaven we share,
 6. O night - y grace, our life to live, To make our earth di - vine!

Our feet may mourn this thorn - y way, Yet here Em-man - uel trod.
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear; These tears the Lord did weep.
 O hap - py robe of flesh that clad Our own Em-man - u - el!
 Not on - ly in the tear and groan Shall the dear kin - dred be.
 Be - cause we sing a - round Thy throne, And Thy bright ral - ment wear.
 O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give, And lift our life to Thine!

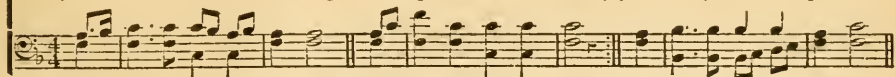
No. 187.

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

German Melody. Arr. by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1839.



- | | | |
|----|---|---------------------------------|
| 1. | { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, | } On thee, the high and lowly, |
| 2. | { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; | |
| 3. | { On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth; | } On thee our Lord, victorious, |
| 4. | { On thee, for our salvation, Christ rose from depths of earth; | |
| | { To-day on weary na-tions, The heavenly manna falls; | } Where gospel light is glowing |
| | { To ho-ly con-vo-ca-tions, The sil-ver trumpet calls, | |
| | { New grac-es ev-er gaining From this our day of rest, | } To Ho-ly Ghost be praises, |
| | { We reach the rest remaining To spir-its of the blest; | |

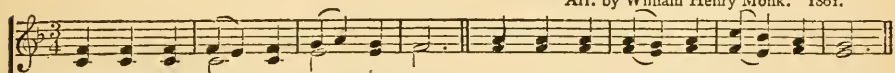


Through ages joined in tune, Sing ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, To the Great God Tri-une.
 The Spirit sent from heaven, And thus on thee, most glorious, A tri-ple light was given.
 With pure and radiant beams, And liv-ing wa-ter flowing With soul-refreshing streams.
 To Father and to Son; The Church her voice upraises To Thee, blest Three in One.

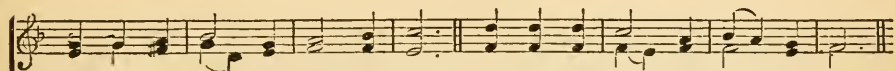
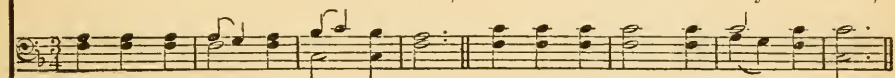


No. 188.

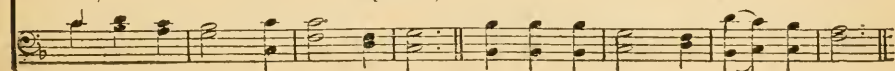
SUN OF MY SOUL.

Francis Joseph Haydn. (1732—1809.) 1793.
Arr. by William Henry Monk. 1861.

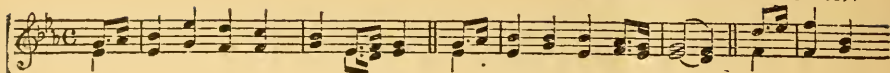
- | | | |
|----|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1. | Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, | It is not night if Thou be near: |
| 2. | When the soft dews of kindly sleep | My wearied eyelids gent-ly steep, |
| 3. | A-bide with me from morn till eve, | For without Thee I can-not live; |
| 4. | If some poor wandering child of Thine | Have spurned, to-day, the voice di-vine; |
| 5. | Watch by the sick: en-rich the poor | With blessings from Thy boundless store; |
| 6. | Come near and bless us when we wake, | Ere thro' the world our way we take; |



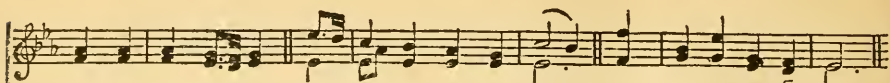
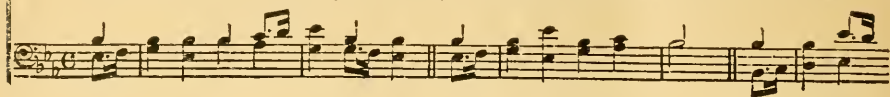
O may no earth-born cloud a-rise	To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest	For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
Abide with me when night is nigh,	For without Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gracious work be-gin;	Let him no more lie down in sin.
Be ev-ery mourner's sleep to-night,	Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
Till, in the o-cean of Thy love,	We lose ourselves in heaven a-bove.



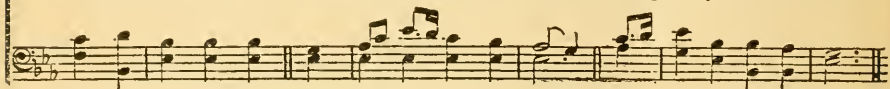
George Frederick Handel. (1685—1759.)



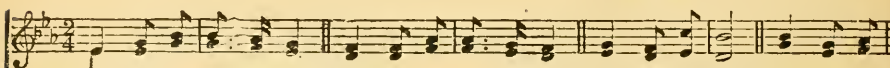
1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the
5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer though they die; They view the
6. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine In robes of



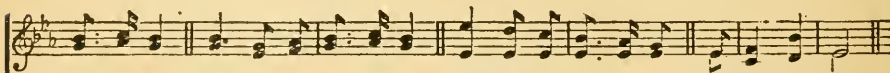
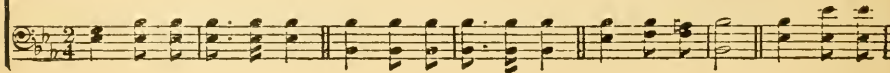
- fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Or blush to speak His name?
 fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas? And sailed through bloody seas?
 world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? To help me on to God?
 toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
 triumph from a - far, And seize it with their eye, And seize it with their eye.
 victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine, The glo-ry shall be Thine.



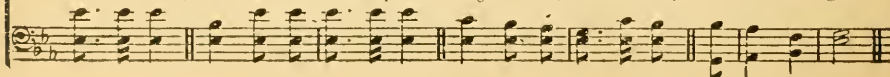
Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1830.



1. Thou, whose al-mighty Word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we
2. Thou, who didst come to bring On Thy re-deeming wing Health and sight, Health to the
3. Spir - it of truth and love, Life-giving, ho - ly Dove, Speed forth Thy flight; Move o'er the
4. Bless - ed and Ho - ly Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty, Wisdom, Love, Might; Boundless as

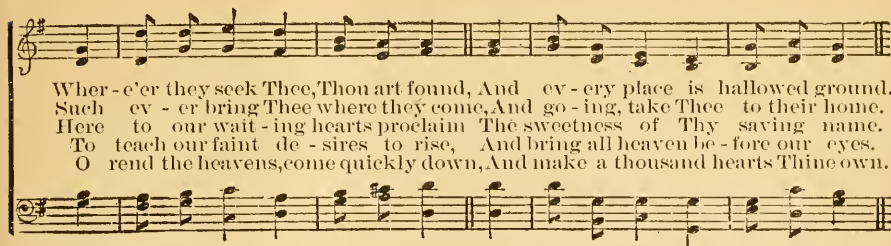
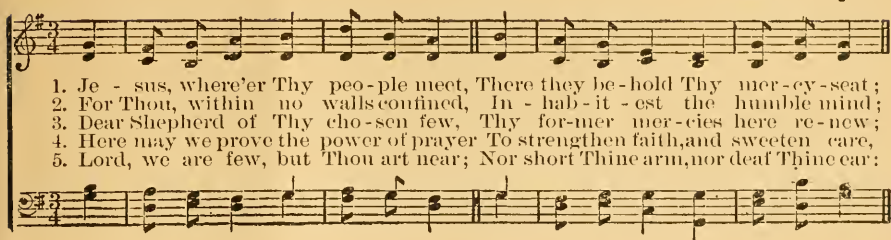


- humbly pray, And where the Gospel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, "Let there be light!"
 sick in mind, Sight to the in - ly blind, O, now to all mankind "Let there be light!"
 water's face, Bearing the lamp of grace, And in earth's darkest place "Let there be light!"
 ocean's tide, Rolling in fullest pride, Through the world, far and wide, "Let there be light!"



No. 191. JESUS, WHERE'ER THY PEOPLE MEET. L. M.

Lowell Mason. 1832.



No. 192. The Christian Farewell.

- 1 Thy presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place Thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, Thou dost make us share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and Thy care.
- 3 To Thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts at Thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.
Rev. Philip Doddridge.

No. 193. With Tearful Eyes.

- 1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
- 3 Come, for all else must fall and die,
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion, "Come to me."

No. 194. He Wills.

- 1 He wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.
- 3 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will
The promise by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfil.

No. 195. 'Tis by the Faith.

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

No. 196. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST. 8s & 7s.

Ithamar Conkey. (1815-1867.) 1851.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sac - ri - ficed;
 5. In - the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus - tre to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time a - bide.
 All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

No. 197. Invocation.

- 1 Saviour! visit Thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless Thou return again.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance—
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
 Shun the world's enticing snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour,
 To revive Thy work afresh.

No. 198. Before the Throne.

- 1 Hark the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting at the crystal sea,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee.
- 2 Multitude, which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stand,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hand.

No. 199. Upon the Waters.

- 1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
 God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
 It again some future day.
- 2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
 Wildly though the billows roll,
 They but aid thee as thou toilest
 Truth to spread from pole to pole.

No. 200. Christian Children.

- 1 We are little Christian children;
 We can run, and talk, and play;
 The great God of earth and heaven
 Made, and keeps us every day.
- 2 We are little Christian children;
 Christ, the Son of God Most High,
 With His precious blood redeemed us,
 Dying that we might not die.
- 3 We are little Christian children;
 God the Holy Ghost is here,
 Dwelling in our hearts, to make us
 Kind and holy, good and dear.
- 4 We are little Christian children,
 Saved by Him who loved us most;
 We believe in God Almighty,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
 Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

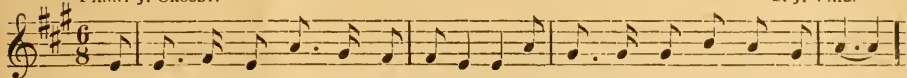
No. 201.

WHERE IS THY REFUGE?

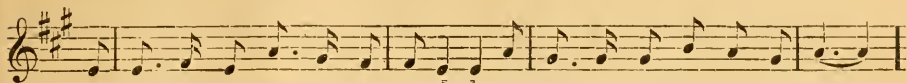
"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.



1. Say, where is thy ref-uge, my broth-er, And what is thy pros-pect to-day?



Why toil for the wealth that will per-ish, The treasures that rust and de-cay?



O, think of thy soul, that for-ev-er Must live on e-ter-ni-ty's shore,

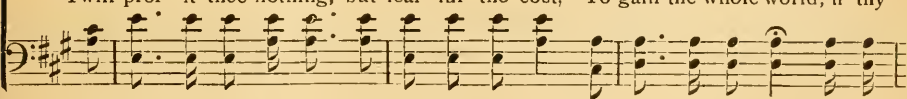


When thou in the dust art for-got-ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.

CHORUS.



'Twill prof-it thee nothing, but fear-ful the cost, To gain the whole world, if thy



soul should be lost! To gain the whole world, if thy soul should be lost!



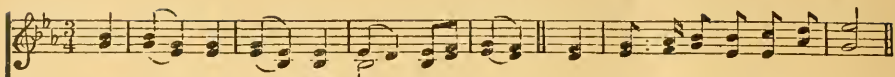
2 The Master is calling thee, brother,
 In tones of compassion and love,
 To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
 And lay up thy treasure above:
 O, kneel at the cross where He suffered,
 To ransom thy soul from the grave;
 The arm of His mercy will hold thee,
 The arm that is mighty to save.—*Cho.*

3 The summer is waning, my brother,
 Repent, ere the season is past:
 God's goodness to thee is extended,
 As long as the day-beam shall last;
 Then slight not the warning repeated
 With all the bright moments that roll,
 Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
 That no one hath cared for thy soul. *Cho.*

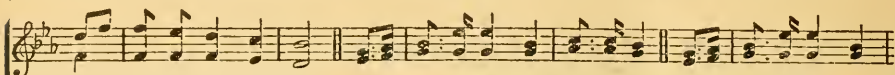
No. 202.

O COULD I SPEAK. C. P. M.

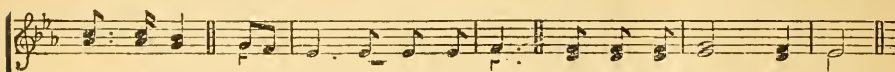
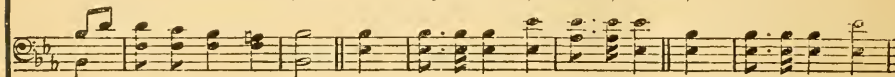
Arr. from Mozart by Lowell Mason. (1792—1872.) 1836.



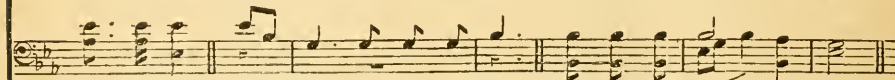
1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel
Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all perfect,
Ex-alt-ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-er
And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-



while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
heavenly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo-ries known.
ty I'll spend, Tri-umphant in His grace, Tri-umphant in His grace.



No. 203. Verzage Nicht.

- 1 Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes
faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

- 2 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown:
God is with us; we are his own;
Our victory cannot fail.

- 3 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make
Fight for us once again! [Chorus:
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end.

Gustavus Adolphus.

No. 204. Desiring to Love.

- 1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
In vain desire its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

- 3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

No. 205. THE SOUL'S CRY ANSWERED. L. M.

"Come unto me."

DANIEL READ.

1. Show pit - y, Lord! O Lord, for - give; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;

Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God! Thy nature hath no bound;
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;

Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

No. 206. The Sins of Men.

- 1 Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded thro' the Son;
The world abused, the soul undone.
- 3 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My spirit yearns o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 4 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

No. 208. Come, Sacred Spirit!

- 1 Come, Sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let Thy god-like power be known.
- 2 Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest
eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they
scorn.
- 3 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around Thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

No. 207. Vision of Dry Bones.

- 1 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye:
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That, mighty God, to Thee is known;
That vondrous work is all Thine own.

No. 209. Hoping for a Revival.

- 1 While I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is Mine.
- 2 Though for a time I hide My face,
Rely upon My love and power;
Still wrestle at a throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour."

Rev. John Newton.

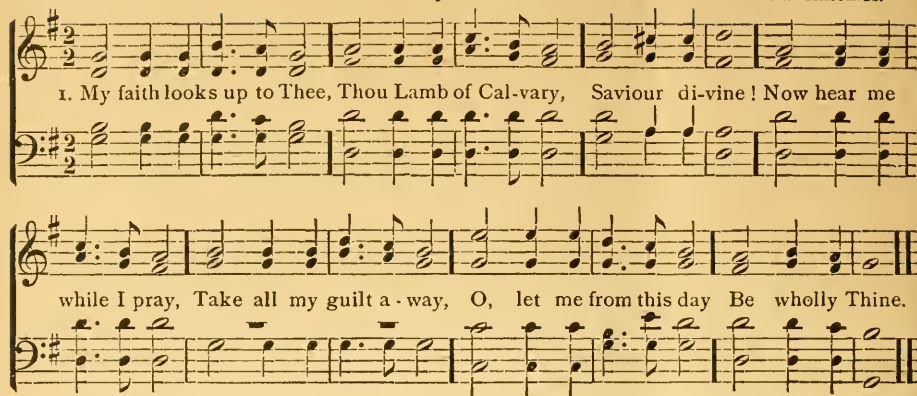
No. 210.

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

RAY PALMER.

"Have faith in God."

Dr. T. HASTINGS.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Saviour di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

No. 211.

SAVIOUR, I LOOK TO THEE.

1 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Be not Thou far from me,
'Mid storms that lower:
On me Thy care bestow,
Thy loving kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.

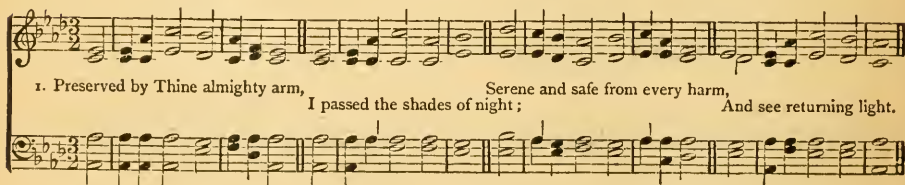
2 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

Thomas Hastings.

No. 212.

SAFE FROM EVERY HARM. C. M.

HAVERGAL.

"Every day will I bless thee."


1. Preserved by Thine almighty arm, Serene and safe from every harm, I passed the shades of night; And see returning light.

2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturbed repose.

3 Oh, let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend,
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

"Pray without ceasing."

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place, where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be - sides more sweet, — It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though Sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.
Hugh Stowell.

No. 214. Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's
It led me to the port of peace. [thrill,
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.
Henry Kirke White.

No. 215. Quæ Stella Sole Pulchrior.

- 1 What star is this, with beams so bright,
Which shame the sun's less radiant light?
It shines to announce a new-born King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring.
- 2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed:"
And lo, the Eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.
- 3 O Jesus, while the star of grace
Invites us now to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well.
Prof. Charles Coffin.

No. 216. God's Unspeakable Glory.

- 1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak His fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears.
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

From GLASER.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne ;

Ten thousand thou-sand were their tongues, And all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus ;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For He was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;

And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever Thine.

- 4 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred Name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.—Wesley.

No. 218. Speak Gently.

- 1 Speak gently: it is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
 Speak gently: let no harsh word mar
 The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the little child:
 Its love be sure to gain;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild;
 It may not long remain.

No. 219. Christ a Pattern.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

No. 220. Shepherd of Israel.

- 1 Shepherd of Israel, from above
 Thy feeble flock behold;
 And never let us lose Thy love,
 Nor wander from Thy fold.
- 2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
 Thy hand is ever near,
 To guide them lest they go astray,
 And keep them safe from fear.

No. 221. Hail, Sacred Truth.

- 1 Hail, sacred truth, whose piercing rays
 Dispel the shades of night;
 Diffusing, o'er the mental world,
 The healing beams of light.
- 2 Jesus, Thy word, with friendly aid,
 Restores our wandering feet;
 Converts the sorrows of the mind
 To joys divinely sweet.

No. 222. The Story Handed Down.

- 1 Let children hear the mighty deeds,
 Which God performed of old;
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make His glories known,
 His works of power and grace;
 And we'll convey His wonders down
 Through every rising race.

No. 223. Humble Service.

- 1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
 Nor deem it void of power;
 There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
 That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart
 And call it back to life;
 A look of love bid sin depart,
 And still unholy strife.

"And there was a calm."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Trust in God, for ev-ery bless-ing, Trust in God from day to day;
2. God will nev-er fail His chil-dren, If His prom-ise they be-lieve;

When the storm-y tem-pest rag-es, Go, by sim-ple faith, and pray.
In the pre-cious name of Je-sus All we ask, we shall re-ceive.

CHORUS.

Trust Him while He gives you breath, Trust Him in the vale of death,

Trust Him on the foam-y sea, Trust Him thro' e-ter-ni-ty.

3 Are the ties of earthly friendship
Crushed and broken, one by one?
Trust in God, and say, rejoicing,
Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done!—*Cho.*

4 Trust in God, the Rock of Ages,
Then thy feet shall stand secure;
Bear thy cross without repining,
Patient to the end endure.—*Cho.*

1 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.
Rev. Charles Wesley.

No. 226.

HEAR MY CRY.

"Hear my cry."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Son of Da - vid, hear my cry! Saviour, do not pass me by; Touch these eyelids veiled in night,
Turn their darkness in - to light. Son of Da - vid, hear my cry! Saviour, do not pass me by.

2 Though the proud my voice would still,
They may chide me if they will,
Yet the more I'll pray for grace,
Only here shall be my place.
Son of David, hear my cry!
Saviour, do not pass me by.

3 Though despised by all but Thee,
Thou a blessing hast for me;
Faith and prayer can never fail,
Lord, with Thee I *must* prevail.
Son of David, hear my cry!
Saviour, do not pass me by.

4 Glorious vision! heavenly ray!
All my gloom has passed away;
Now my joyful eye doth see,
And my soul still clings to Thee;
Thine the glory evermore,
Mine to worship and adore.

No. 227. THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.—William Williams.

No. 228.

LEBANON. S. M.

"I am the good Shepherd."

J. ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
Fine.
I would not be con - trolled; I was a wayward child, I did not love my home,
I loved a - far to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.—Bonar.

COME TO JESUS; HE WILL SAVE YOU NOW.

No. 229.

"Come unto Me and be ye saved."

Words and Music by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

SOLO.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op - press'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord ;

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now !

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

2 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the way
That leads you into rest ;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.—*Chorus.*

3 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go ;
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.—*Chorus.*

No. 230.

"NINETY AND NINE."

- 1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of
mine,
Has wandered away from me :
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep,"
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
How dark the night the Lord passed thro'
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice ! I have found my sheep !"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
own !" Chaplain.

No. 231. AWAKE, AND SING THE SONG. S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb; Wake
 2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power; Sing
 3. Sing till we feel our hearts As - cend - ing with our tongues; Sing
 4. Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransomed sin - ners, sing; Sing
 5. Soon shall ye hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come;" Soon
 6. There shall our rap - tured tongue His end - less praise pro - claim, And

ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name.
 how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
 till the love of sin de - parts, And grace in - spires our songs.
 on, re - joice - ing ev - ery day In Christ the eter - nal King.
 will He call you hence a - way, And take His wan - derers home.
 sweeter voi - ce, swell the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

No. 232. A Holy God Worshipped.

- 1 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at His feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.
- 2 When Israel was His church,
When Aaron was His priest,
When Moses cried, and Samuel prayed,
He gave His people rest.
- 3 Oft He forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft He made His vengeance known
When they abused His grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still He's a God of holiness,
And jealous for His name.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

- 4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome.

No. 234. Prayer for the Spirit.

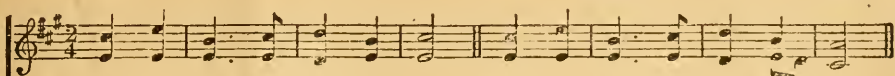
- 1 O for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.
- 2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.
- 3 While many crowd Thy house,
How few, around Thy board,
Meet to record their solemn vows,
And bless Thee as their Lord.
- 4 Thou, Thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success,
And bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.
- 5 Come, with Thy power divine,
Spirit of life and love;
Then shall our people all be Thine,
Our church like that above.

Rev. George Washington Bethune.

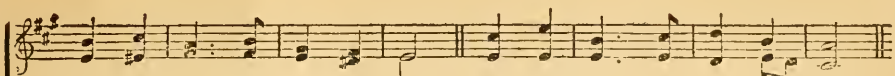
No. 233. Invocation.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;

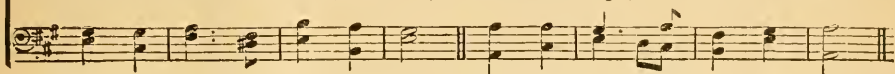
Ignace Pleyel. (1757—1831.) 1800.



1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?
 2. I have long withstood His grace, Long pro-voked Him to His face;
 3. Kin - dled His re - lent-ings are; Me He now de-lights to spare;
 4. There for me the Saviour stands, Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;



- Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
 Would not hark - en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.
 God is love: I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, but loves me still.



No. 236. The Lord's Courts.

- 1 To Thy temple I repair;
 Lord, I love to worship there;
 When within the veil I meet
 Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
 That my joyful soul may bless
 Thee, the Lord my righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love, to mine attend;
 Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While Thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon in Thy name,
 Through their voice, by faith, may I
 Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 5 From Thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn;
 And at evening let me say,
 "I have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery.

No. 237. Redeeming Love.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
 Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
 Banish all your guilty fears;
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Canceled by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
 Welcome to His sacred rest;
 Nothing brought Him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 5 Hither, then, your music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful string;
 Mortals, join the host above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

Rev. Martin Madan.

Jean Jacques Rousseau. (1712—1778.) 1750.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound:
 3. So, when-e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,

Let us now, Thy love pos - ses - sing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound;
 Borne on an - gel wings to heav - en, Glad the summons to o - bey,

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Traveling through this wil - der - ness,
 May Thy pres - ence, May Thy pres - ence With us ev - er - more be found.
 May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end - less day.

No. 239. Prayer for Guidance.

- 1 Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee;
 Yet possessing every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us;
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy;
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

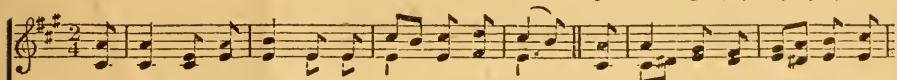
James Edmeston.

No. 240. Ira Justa Conditoris.

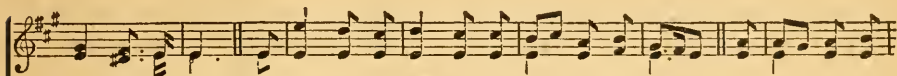
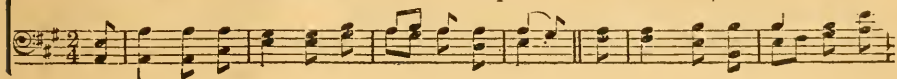
- 1 He, Who once in righteous vengeance
 Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
 Once again in mercy cleansed it
 With His own most precious blood;
 Coming from His throne on high,
 On the painful cross to die.
- 2 O the wisdom of the Eternal!
 O its depth, and height divine!
 O the sweetness of that mercy
 Which in Jesus Christ did shine!
 We were sinners doomed to die;
 Jesus paid the penalty.
- 3 When before the Judge we tremble,
 Conscious of His broken laws,
 May the blood of His atonement
 Cry aloud, and plead our cause;
 Bid our guilty terrors cease,
 Be our pardon and our peace.

Translated by Rev. Edward Caswall.

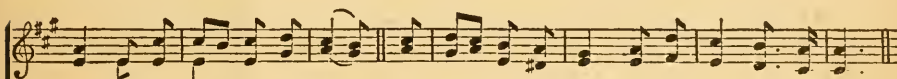
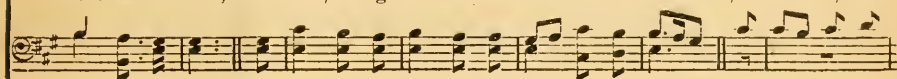
John Reading. (1690—1766.) 1760.



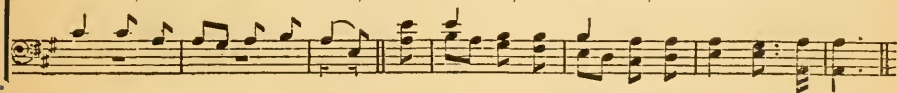
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will
 3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of woe shall not
 4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo-ple shall prove My sovereign, e-ter-nal, un-
 5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for repose I will not, I will not de-



excellent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My
 thee o-verflow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sane-ti-fy
 changeable love; And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall
 sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no



Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
 righteous, om-ni-p - o - tent hand, Up-held by My righteous, om-ni-p - o - tent hand.
 to thee thy deepest distress, And sane-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress.
 still in My bosom be borne, Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
 nev-er, no nev-er forsake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."



No. 242. Longing for Rest.

- 1 O had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I soar to Thy presence
 above;
 How soon would I flee where the weary
 have rest,
 And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering
 breast.

- 2 I flutter, I struggle, I pant to get free;
 I feel me a captive while banished from
 Thee:
 A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
 And look on to heaven, and long to be
 home.

Rev. Henry Francis Tyte.

No. 243. Our Righteousness.

- 1 I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my
 load;
 Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ
 on the tree,
 Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to
 me.

- 2 When free grace awoke me by light from
 on high,
 Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to
 die;
 No refuge, no safety, in self could I see;
 Jehovah, Thou only my Saviour must be.
 Rev. Robert Murray McChesney.

No. 244. TAKE IT TO THE LORD IN PRAYER.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

C. V. CONVERSE.

I. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
D.S. All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pains we bear,—

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 245. Prayer for Union.

- 1 Hail, Thou God of grace and glory,
Who Thy name hast magnified,
By redemption's wondrous story,
By the Saviour crucified;
Thanks to Thee for every blessing,
Flowing from the Fount of love;
Thanks for present good unceasing,
And for hopes of bliss above.
- 2 Bind Thy people, Lord, in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let Thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee,
Till the world, Thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.
Rev. Thomas William Aveling.

No. 246. A Lamp, and a Light.

- 1 How precious is the book divine
By inspiration given:
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.
- 2 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.
Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

"Glad tidings of great joy."

1. An-gels rejoiced and sweetly sung, At our Re-deemer's birth; Mor-tals, a-wake; let ev-ery tongue
Proclaim His matchless worth, Proclaim His matchless worth, Pro-claim His, Proclaim His matchless worth.
Pro-claim His matchless worth, Pro-claim His matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent His only Son
To take a servant's form, and die
For evils we had done.

3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race,
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich, abounding grace
To save, and not destroy.

4 Lord, send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew, and Gentile, through the earth,
May know Thy saving might.
Rev. William Hurn.

No. 248. Christmas Evening.

1 While shepherd's watched their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said He—for mighty dread
Had seized their trembling mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
Begin, and never cease!" [men,
Nahum Tate.

No. 249. Majestic Sweetness.

1 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
S. Stennett.

No. 250. Breathing After Heaven.

1 Return, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, Thy children, mourn
Our absence from Thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And, in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to Thy servants show,
Make Thine own work complete;
Then shall our souls Thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before Thy throne
In all Thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

No. 251. Riches of God's Word.

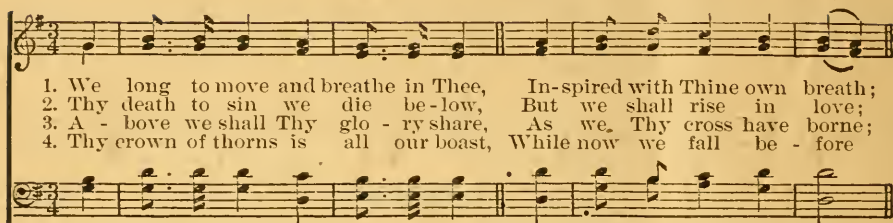
1 Father of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

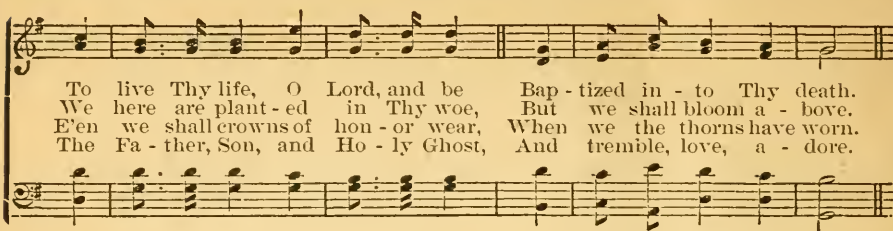
3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

No. 252. WE LONG TO MOVE IN THEE. C. M.

Thomas Augustine Arne. (1710—1778.) 1762.



1. We long to move and breathe in Thee, In-spired with Thine own breath;
 2. Thy death to sin we die be-low, But we shall rise in love;
 3. A - bove we shall Thy glo - ry share, As we, Thy cross have borne;
 4. Thy crown of thorns is all our boast, While now we fall be - fore



To live Thy life, O Lord, and be Bap - tized in - to Thy death.
 We here are plant - ed in Thy woe, But we shall bloom a - bove.
 E'en we shall crowns of hon - or wear, When we the thorns have worn.
 The Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, And tremble, love, a - dore.

No. 253. Consolation in Sickness.

- 1 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of His love;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above;
- 2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember that His blood
 My debt of suffering paid.
- 3 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Directly, Lord, from Thee!
 A. M. Toplady.

- 4 O for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break;
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold;
 But when you raise your highest note,
 His love can ne'er be told.
 Rev. Isaac Watts.

No. 255. The Way, the Truth, the Life.

- 1 Thou art the way: To Thee alone
 From sin and death we flee;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart;
 Thou only canst inform the mind,
 And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life: The rending tomb
 Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
 And those who put their trust in Thee,
 Nor death, nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
 Grant us that Way to know,
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.
 Bishop George Washington Doane.

No. 254. Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and—O amazing love!—
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste He fled;
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee. (1786—)

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;
 2. Thou who, houseless, sole, for - lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;
 3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
 4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - ery wound,

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.
 Long hast roamed the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.
 Ye, by fierce - er anguish torn, In re - morse for guilt who mourn.
 Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

No. 257. Love's Sweet Lesson.

- 1 Saviour, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 2 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

No. 258. Cast Thy Burden.

- 1 Cast thy burden upon the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.
- 2 Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."
- 3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

Rev. Rowland Hill.

No. 259. The Penitent Pardoned.

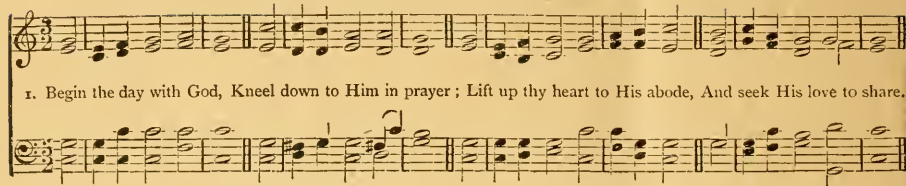
- 1 Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at Thy feet I fall;
Hear, O hear my ardent cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Justly might Thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might Thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.
- 3 But with Thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Thou canst soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

Rev. Thos. Raffles.

No. 260. Rest in Christ.

- 1 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We Thy kindest word obey:
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.
- 2 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;
- 3 Lo, we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art;
Now our groaning soul release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

"Morning, noon, and night I will praise Thee."

r. Begin the day with God, Kneel down to Him in prayer; Lift up thy heart to His abode, And seek His love to share.

2 Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there;
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

3 Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

4 Conclude the day with God;
Thy sins to Him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead His righteousness.
Bennett.

No. 262. New Year's Morning.

- 1 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
- 2 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.
- 3 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
Horatius Bonar.

No. 263. New Year's Evening.

- 1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"
James Montgomery.

No. 264. The Day is Past.

- 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Lord, may we in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.
Leland.

No. 265. Watching Unto Prayer.

- 1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hears't my prayer.
- 2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
- 4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
That consecrated cross.
- 5 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
- 6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
Rev. Charles Wesley.

No. 266. ALL GOODNESS FLOWS. C. M.

REV. THOMAS HAWES.

HUGH WILSON. 1768.

1. O Thou from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;
 2. When groaning on my burdened heart My sins lie heav-i-ly;
 3. Temp - ta - tions sore ob - struct my way, And ills I can - not flee;
 4. Dis - trest with pain, dis - ease, and grief, This fee - ble bod - y see;
 5. If on my face for Thy dear name, Shame and re - proach - es be,

In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Thy par - don speak, new peace im - part, In love re - mem - ber me.
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day; For good re - mem - ber me.
 Grant pa - tience, rest, and kind re - lief; Hear and re - mem - ber me.
 All hail, reproach, and welcome, shame, If Thou re - mem - ber me.

No. 267. The Inner Calm.

- 1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.
- 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.
- 3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;
- 4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

No. 268. Lamp of Our Feet.

- 1 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveler's way;
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Word of the Everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

- 4 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts.
Bernard Barton.

No. 269. For Ever Here.

- 1 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side,
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
C. Westley.

No. 270. Israel's Gentle Shepherd.

- 1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands.
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Christian Lyre. 1830.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me,
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all, And saved me from my lost estate,
 3. Thro' mighty hosts of cruel foes, Where earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along,

His loving-kindness is so free; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so free.
 His loving-kindness is so great; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so great.
 His loving-kindness is so strong; Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness is so strong.

No. 272. The Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, all quickening fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest;
 Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
 O come, and consecrate my breast;
 The temple of my soul prepare,
 And fix Thy sacred presence there.
- 2 My peace, my life, my comfort now,
 My treasure, and my all Thou art;
 True Witness of my sonship Thou,
 Engraving pardon on my heart:
 Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
 Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.
- 3 Come, then, my God, mark out Thine heir,
 Of heaven a larger earnest give,
 With clearer light Thy witness bear;
 More sensibly within me live:
 Let all my powers Thy entrance feel,
 And deeper stamp Thyself the Seal.
 Rev. Charles Wesley.

No. 273. Veni Creator Spiritus.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire;
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart:
 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 2 Enable with perpetual light
 The dullness of our blinded sight;
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With the abundance of Thy grace;
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
 Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

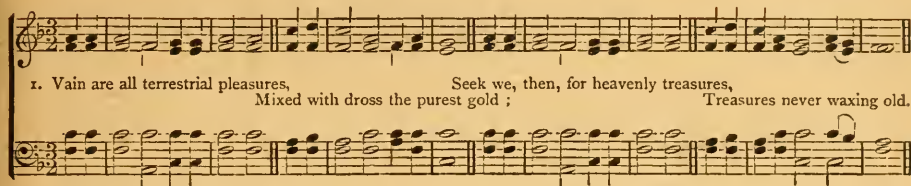
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee, of both, to be but one;
 That through the ages all along,
 This still may be our endless song:
 All praise, with all the heavenly host,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 Translated by Bishop John Cosin.

No. 274. Groaning for the Spirit.

- 1 When shall I hear the inward voice,
 Which only faithful souls can hear?
 Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
 Attend the promised Comforter:
 He comes, and righteousness divine,
 And Christ, and all with Christ, is mine.
- 2 O that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest;
 But fix in me His constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast,
 And make my soul His loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire;
 Attest that I am born again;
 Come, and baptize me now with fire,
 Or all Thy former gifts are vain.
 I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
 Where is the earnest of my heaven?
- 4 Where the indubitable seal,
 That ascertains the kingdom mine?
 The powerful stamp I long to feel,
 The signature of love divine:
 O shed it in my heart abroad,
 Fullness of love, of heaven, of God!
 Rev. Charles Wesley.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

I. B. WOODBURY.



r. Vain are all terrestrial pleasures, Seek we, then, for heavenly treasures,
Mixed with dross the purest gold; Treasures never waxing old.

- 2 Earthly joys can never please us;
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.
- 3 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above,
Bids us look for His appearing,
Bids us triumph in His love.
- 4 Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should He come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade.

No. 276. We Shall Meet and Rest.

- 1 Where the faded flow'r shall freshen—
Freshen, never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
Brighten, never more to shade;
- 2 Where the sunblaze never scorches,
Where the starbeams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
- 3 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song.

Rev. Dr. H. Bonar.

No. 277. Mercy.

- 1 "Mercy, O Thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed;
"Others by Thy word are saved,
Now to me afford Thine aid."
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask Me what you will.

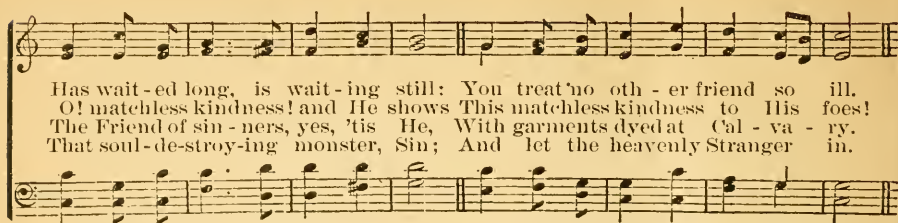
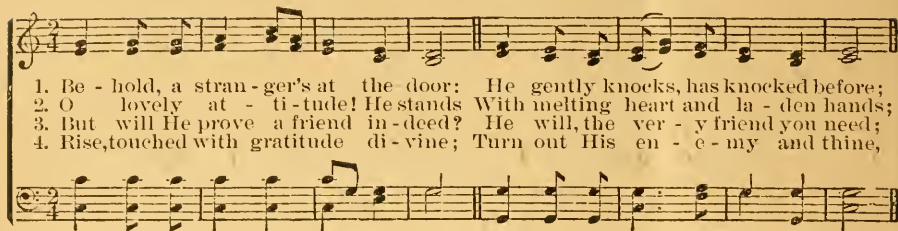
No. 278. Thy Will be Done.

- 1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, Thy will be done.
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.
- 3 By Thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but Thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, Thy will be done.

No. 279. Life's Raging Billow.

- 1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.
- 2 Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,
Tho' the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch are keeping;
"All, all's well," Thy constant cheer.
- 3 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red!
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowl-
ing
O'er the sailor's anxious head:
- 4 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still;
Hush the tempest's wild commotion
At the bidding of Thy will.
- 5 Thus my heart the hope will cherish
While to Thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
- 6 And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1863.) 1844.



No. 281. Slavery and Death.

- 1 Slavery and death the cup contains;
 Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl;
 Softer than silk are iron chains
 Compared with those that chafe the soul.
- 2 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
 Till man no more shall deem it just
 To live by forging chains to bind
 His weaker brother in the dust.

No. 282. With Christ in Glory.

- 1 O for a sweet, inspiring ray,
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day,
 The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns.
- 2 There, low before His glorious throne,
 Adoring saints and angels fall;
 And with delightful worship own [all.
 His smile their bliss, their heaven, their
- 3 Immortal glories crown His head,
 While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
 And love, and joy, and triumph spread
 Through all th' assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
 To boundless rapture while they gaze;
 Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
 Resound His everlasting praise.

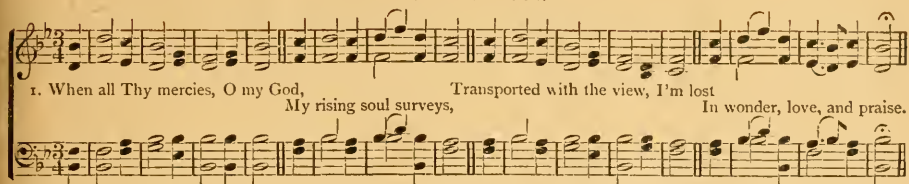
- 5 There, all the favorites of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
 O may the joy-inspiring theme
 Awake our faith and warm desire.

- 6 Dear Saviour, let Thy Spirit seal
 Our interest in that blissful place;
 Till death remove this mortal veil,
 And we behold Thy lovely face.
 Miss Anne Steele.

No. 283. O Spirit.

- 1 O Spirit of the living God,
 In all Thy plentitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
 Confusion, order in Thy path;
 Souls without strength inspire with
 might;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call Him Lord.
 James Montgomery.

R. SIMPSON.

"Lead Thou me on."

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

4 Through all eternity, to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise,
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Addison.

No. 285. Awake, My Soul.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.
Philip Doddridge.

No. 286. Prayer for Pity.

1 To Thee, my God, whose presence fills
The earth, and seas, and skies,
To Thee, whose name, whose heart is Love,
With all my powers I rise.

2 Troubles in long succession roll;
Wave rushes upon wave;
Pity, O pity my distress;
Thy child, Thy suppliant save.

3 O bid the roaring tempest cease;
Or give me strength to bear
Whate'er Thy holy will appoints,
And save me from despair.

4 To Thee, my God, alone I look,
On Thee alone confide;
Thou never hast deceived the soul
That on Thy grace relied,

5 Though oft Thy ways are rapt in clouds
Mysterious and unknown,
Truth, Righteousness and Mercy stand
The pillars of Thy throne.
Rev. Thomas Gibbons.

No. 287. Grateful Thanks.

1 Now, from the altar of our hearts,
Let grateful thanks arise,
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening's sacrifice.

2 Awake! our love, awake! our joy:
Awake! our heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call:
Break forth into a song.

3 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

Mason.

No. 288. Returning to God.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said, return?

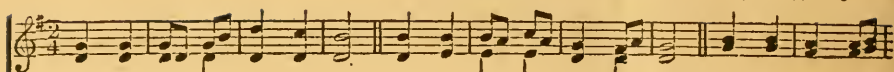
3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

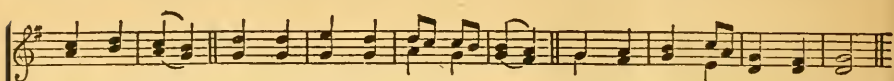
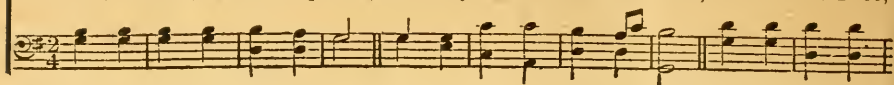
5 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy!

Miss Anne Steele.

Rev. Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan. (1787—1864.) 1830.



1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word; Jesus speaks, and
2. "I delivered thee, when bound, And, when wounded, healed thy wound; Sought thee wandering,
3. "Can a woman's tender care Cease towards the child she bear? Yes, she may for-
4. "Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the
5. "Thou shalt see My glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of My
6. Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love Thee,



- speaks to thee: "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me? Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?
 set thee right, Turned thy darkness in - to light, Turned thy darkness in - to light.
 get - ful be, Yet will I remember thee, Yet will I remember thee.
 depths be - neath, Free and faithful, strong as death, Free and faithful, strong as death.
 throne shall be, Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me? Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"
 and a - dore; O for grace to love Thee more, O for grace to love Thee more.



No. 290. Tell Us of the Night.

- 1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are,
 Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star!
- 2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of joy or hope foretell?
 Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
- 4 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Trav'ler! ages are its own;
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
- 6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home!
 Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

J. Browning.

No. 291. Ask What I Shall Give.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin;
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

Rev. John Newton.

No. 292. He is Risen.

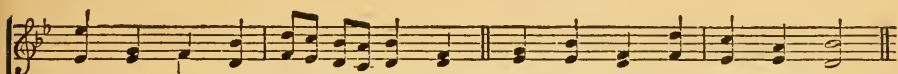
- 1 "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
 Sons of men and angels say.
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing, ye heavens; and earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won.
 Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo, 'He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids His rise;
 Christ has opened paradise.

No. 293. HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE VOICES? 8s & 7s.

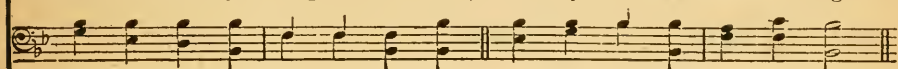
Carl Maria von Weber. (1786—1826.)



1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?
2. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;
3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found;
4. "Christ is born, the great A-noint-ed; Heaven and earth His glo - ry sing;
5. "Hast - en, mortals, to a - dore Him; Learn His name and taste His joy:



- Lo, the an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
 "Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.
 Souls redeemed, and sins for - giv - en, Loud our gol - den harps shall sound.
 Glad re - ceive whom God appoint - ed For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
 Till in heaven you sing be - fore Him, "Glo - ry be to God most high."



No. 294. God is Love.

- 1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens,
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Time and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness stream-
eth,
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly care entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

No. 295. Christ Praised.

- 1 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 2 Did archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

- 3 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe—
All to ransom guilty captives;
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
- 4 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return and reign for ever;
Be the Kingdom all Thine own.
Rev. Robert Robinson.

No. 296. The Call for Reapers.

- 1 Far and near the fields are teeming
With the waves of ripened grain;
Far and near their gold is gleaming,
O'er the sunny slope and plain.
- CHO.—Lord of Harvest, send forth reapers!
Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gather,
Ere the harvest time pass by.
- 2 Send them forth with morn's first beam-
ing,
Send them in the noontide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather everywhere.—Cho.
- 3 O thou, whom thy Lord is sending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold,
Heavenward then at evening wending,
Thou shalt come with joy untold.—Cho.

William Batchelder Bradbury. (1816—1868.) 1849.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 With fears within, and foes with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

No. 298. He Leadeth Me.

1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
 Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Cro.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
 By His own hand He leadeth me;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

No. 299. Grateful Adoration.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep, we
 strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame;
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
 songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand
 tongues, [praise,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
 Vast as eternity Thy love;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.
 Rev. Isaac Watts.

No. 300. Praise from All Nations.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends Thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 Rev. Isaac Watts.

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